The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1897.

The Week.

THE Senate is right to be deliberate in so momentous a matter as the arbitration treaty, but it ought not to forget its own precedent of December, 1895. Then it was ready to "stand behind the President" and go to war—why, no man knew—on two days' notice. Now war is the thing that really ought to make grave Senators pause. To sit down and count the cost thereof is a part of proverbial wisdom. Terrible consequences are wrapped up in any war, but in a treaty of peace there are no dangers whatever. This is so because you can break the treaty and go to war any day you wish. War can be had on demand, but a chance to make peace doubly sure does not come every day. Hence the duty of rational men to close eagerly with such a chance when offered. The Senate can scarcely afford to put itself in the position of being ready to fight at the drop of the handkerchief, but of demanding weeks to consider whether it is in favor of peace.

Private advices from Washington are to the effect that the opposition in the Senate to the arbitration treaty is founded upon personal opposition to President Cleveland, and in less degree to Secretary Olney, rather than to the treaty itself. This species of opposition does not prevail among the Republicans to any dangerous extent, although it may suit them best to postpone action till McKinley comes in. It is rife among the Bryan Democrats and their silver allies of the mining States. Such opposition is not amenable to arguments addressed to the merits of the treaty. It can be overcome only by public opinion. There is no prejudice against Mr. Cleveland among the plain people, and none worth mentioning against Mr. Olney. So far as the latter is concerned, it may be recalled that the negotiations for this treaty were begun by the late Secretary Gresham, and were pretty well advanced at the time of his death. Now if the plain people want to have the treaty ratified, they must take some pains about it. There is no reason why a man who believes in silver at 16 to 1, or one who believes in unlimited greenbacks and who is in favor of abolishing the national banks, should not be in favor of peace on earth and good will to men. We should like to believe that, on a question of this kind, affecting civilization and involving our repute as professed believers in the Christian religion, all Americans are alike—that Republicans, Democrats, Populists, Prohibitionists, Socialists, and people of every shade of political belief stand on a common platform. We believe that they do so stand. We believe that if this treaty were submitted to a plébiscite, the number of votes cast against it would not be worth counting. Yet it is possible for the Senate to reject it, if those persons who favor it do not take the trouble to let their Senators know how they stand. The movement of last spring, which resulted in the great conference at Washington, where more than forty States were represented by men of high character and influence, ought to be renewed without delay and continued until the question is disposed of. If by any means the treaty should fail of ratification, steps should be taken to begin again. Such an opportunity to take the lead in the world's progress has not presented itself since the abolition of slavery.

What was meant by Senator Hawley's saying, at the dinner of the Ohio Society on Saturday evening, that there is no provision in the arbitration treaty to put a stop to England's policy of territorial extension? If that policy touches territory in which we are concerned, in respect of which we choose to interfere, the treaty does not restrain us in any way. Take, for example, the case of the Hawaiian Islands. If England should seize them, we might consider our interests affected, and the treaty would not prevent us from interfering. What would be the outcome of such a step we need not inquire. Our point is that the pending treaty would not put us in any worse position than we are in now. It would not prevent us from fighting if we wanted to. Senator Hawley recognizes that fact by saying:

> "I am going to vote for the treaty. It is a good thing and a civilized thing to do. And it is only for five years, any way But I say (and mark my words) that if there be any wrong, any serious insult, put upon our nation and our flag, the American people will fight, be there treaty or be there no treaty."

We can all agree to that. Whether we are Senators or cowboys, we can all "get up on our hind legs" and hurl defiance at the world after dinner, and then vote for the treaty when the time comes.

If there was an enemy of the movement for an arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain one year ago, it was the present Premier of the latter country. Lord Salisbury indicated in the plainest manner his objection to the principle in his correspondence with Secretary Olney on the Venezuelan question. It was well understood then that the articles in the London *Times* were in harmony with his views, if not inspired by him, and these articles were distinctly opposed to any scheme of general arbitration, or of agreement to arbitrate in advance of any particular dispute. There is not the least doubt that Lord Salisbury has been coerced by the public opinion of Great Britain to change his policy in this regard. He has been dragged reluctantly to the negotiation. And now, when the Jingoes in this country are in sore need of some means to prevent ratification by us, they invent the tale that the treaty is a deep game of Salisbury's to increase his own power in Europe. If ratification should be refused on this side of the water, Lord Salisbury would be the chief beneficiary of that uncivilized backward step. He may not desire that it should be defeated now, but if it is, he can say to those who pushed and dragged him along: "I knew all the time that it was impracticable. The Americans thought differently. They proposed the treaty, but now they see that it will not work and have abandoned it. I told you so."

The effect of the treaty on other nations is not the least consideration in its favor. Its advocates have from the beginning held out the hope that the adoption of such a treaty between the two English-speaking nations would tend to bring other nations into the paths of peace. The effect which it has already produced on the public opinion of Europe far exceeds these pleasing expectations. The favorable expressions of the press of Germany, France, and Austria have astonished even their own rulers. The gain in behalf of civilized methods of national intercourse has been enormous. It has led to serious talk in favor of reducing the armies and navies of Europe, those awful burdens and fearful menaces to the happiness of mankind. We are not anticipating too much when we express the conviction that the conclusion of this treaty will be followed by similar treaties between ourselves and other first-class Powers, and that every such treaty will carry the principle of arbitration further, until the nation that stands out and refuses to adopt it shall become the object of general opprobrium among civilized peoples.

Senator Sherman's acceptance of the State portfolio made it necessary for him at once publicly to recant on the Cuban question. Only a month ago he deliberately voted for a resolution recognizing the independence of the Cuban republic. Less than a year ago he was the most frantic man in the Senate in insisting that this Government should interfere in the Cuban war. Twenty-five years ago he was for interfering in the previous Cuban rebellion, and, as Hamilton Fish's diary records, when asked by the Secretary of State whether his proposal would not be in violation of our treaty with Spain, he replied that he did not know we had a treaty with Spain. The choice

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of such a man, at the present juncture, as head of the State Department, would be most indecent and alarming unless he would consent to announce a thorough change of heart. Mr. Sherman has found no difficulty in altering his sentiments. He is now positively against any kind of interference in Cuba. If the Spanish Government grants reforms, "that is all that is necessary." Why, he sagely asks, should our Government interfere? The significance of this unparalleled conversion lies in the fact that it unmistakably arrays McKinley against the Jingoes. The Secretary that is to be must in this matter speak for the President that is to be. This is only to credit Mr. McKinley with common sense. Foreign complications leading to business disturbance would wreck his administration before it got out of harbor. If he is to have any chance at all, it must come through peace and business stability. It is certain, therefore, that he will do everything in his power to restrain the wrath of the Republican Jingoes. But can he do it? A party that has been for four years raging like a lion for a foreign war, may not find it so easy to reform and lead the sweet submissive life of a lamb, even in the green pastures of power and patronage.

The speech of Senator Mills of Texas on the recognition of the independence of Cuba furnished Senator Hale an opportunity to present a memorandum touching the right of Congress to make such recognition. This is a very strong argument against the existence of such a power. It is the document about which the debate will certainly revolve if the question comes up for debate. The continued torpor of Don Cameron makes this an improbable contingency. Meanwhile attention should be drawn to the first paragraph of Mr. Hale's memorandum, which is of a practical rather than a constitutional type. He calls attention to the fact that the Cameron resolution demands recognition of "the independence of the republic of Cuba," without specifying its boundaries. The boundaries of the island of Cuba are well known and need no definition, but the boundaries of the republic of Cuba are not coextensive with those of the island at present. "This," says the memorandum, "raises some doubt as to whether the intent of the resolution really is to acknowledge a present state of independence as distinguished from a hope of early future independence," etc. No such doubt exists in Wall Street. The only doubt there is as to how much money the shorts made on the decline when Cameron's resolution was agreed to by the committee.

The failure of the House to pass the Pacific Railroads funding bill, or any bill on the subject, leaves the Government in danger of losing its entire claim except the small amount covered by the sinking fund established by the Thurman act of 1878. The first-mortgagees have an undoubted right to foreclose. It has been contended in some quarters that a foreclosure could not cut out the Government's claim, because the Government cannot be made a party to the suit for foreclosure without its own consent. This would be a monstrous doctrine if it could be maintained—no less than a denial of justice between two classes of private citizens simply because the Government happens to have a collateral interest in the litigation. It is true that the Government cannot be brought into court without its own consent, but neither can the Government defeat the ends of justice by merely hanging back and doing nothing. In a much stronger case than this, the case of the United States vs. Lee, which was an ejectment suit brought by the son of Robert E. Lee against the Government for possession of the Arlington estate, the United States Supreme Court held this language:

"Courts of justice are established not only to decide upon the controverted rights of the citizens as against each other, but also upon rights in controversy between them and the Government, and the docket of this court is crowded with controversies of the latter class. Shall it be said . . . that the courts cannot give a remedy when the citizen has been deprived of his property by force, his estate seized and converted to the use of the Government without lawful authority, without process of law, and without compensation, because the President has ordered it and his officers are in possession? If such be the law of this country, it sanctions a tyranny which has no existence in the monarchies of Europe, nor in any other government which has a just claim to well-regulated liberty and the protection of personal rights." (U. S. vs. Lee, Otto xvi, 196.)

The Arlington estate was restored to Custis Lee, and the Government then bought it from him for $150,000. The case is not identical with that of the Union Pacific first-mortgage bondholders, but the latter is a much stronger one as regards the principle involved—that the Government cannot defeat the rights of private parties by refusing to come into court when those rights are under review by the judicial tribunals. The case is now a very embarrassing one for the reason that it is very doubtful whether it would be an advantage to the Government, in a pecuniary sense, to pay off the first mortgage and take the property, which is merely the main line without branches or terminals.

Senator Wolcott's bill for an international bimetallic conference was introduced by Senator Chandler on Monday. It provides for the appointment of five or more delegates to any conference that may be called by this or any other country, and appropriates $100,000 to cover any expenses that may be incurred. This is all vague enough, and so is the aim of the conference as described. It is to be called "with a view to securing by international agreement a fixed relative value between gold and silver as money, with free mintage at such ratio." No ratio mentioned, no attempt to regulate bullion value, no specification of how many or what nations are to make the agreement, no details of any kind—everything left freely open "with a view." If a conference is called, there will certainly be no lack of views. Experience shows that on no subject can the human mind produce so many and such varied views as on free international bimetallic coinage. Three conferences of the kind have already died from a surfeit of views, but there are plenty left for a new one. Meanwhile Mr. Wolcott is "sounding" English bimetallists at a great rate. He has met Mr. Balfour, and has, we think, made a tactical blunder in going to dine with a Rothschild. It is true that this Rothschild is in favor of doing something for silver and, incidentally, for himself. This, however, will never be believed in the great bimetallic regions of our fair land. The simple yeomanry have been too often told of "the Rothschilds" as the great cornerers of gold, purchasers of railroads for the sole purpose of wrecking them, and gloaters over the calamity of the poor farmer deprived of his wonted silver. If the Rothschilds now come out for silver, it will show conclusively that we do not want it, and must go in for wood, hay, or stubble.

Senator Burrows, fresh from communings with the fountain-head at Canton, sadly gives it as his opinion that there will be no reciprocity arrangement in the next tariff. There cannot be if sugar is taxed. Free sugar was the one thing that led to Mr. Blaine's historic hat-smashing and the reciprocity treaties which came, like a conjurer's cabbages, out of the hat. But this year sugar must be taxed, and it is the reciprocity treaties that will have to undergo the smashing. Congressman Dolliver, it is true, has got up a brilliant little reciprocity scheme of his own. He would have the President generally empowered to put heavy duties on imports coming from countries which did not treat us "right" in the matter of our exports. If Germany thinks our meats are not wholesome, and gets up all sorts of vexatious regulations about inspection, etc., just let a smart sur-tax be clapped upon German imports, and the astonished Dutchmen will fairly clamor to be allowed to eat our pork, trichinæ and all. It was suggested to Mr. Dolliver that this would be in contravention of our treaty with Germany securing her the "most favored nation" treatment. It was enough for him to reply that he did not "think" so. That is the great way of meeting legal or economic or moral objections. If you only resolutely "hold" the contrary, or "maintain" that the objections are not well-founded, or "assert" that some way will be found to surmount

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them—why, of course, everything becomes clear sailing at once.

Tariff-making is going to be a very different thing in 1897 from what it was in 1890—so different that it is no wonder the most faithful are a little staggered at the new doctrines now given out as orthodox. Higher duties, of the mysterious kind which are to keep out foreign goods and at the same time increase the revenue, are among the least of the novelties. The Wilson tariff has increased exports to a total never before reached; the new bill is to change all that. Imports under the Wilson bill have fallen off; under a properly protective tariff they will increase again. The balance of trade "in our favor" (to use the pet phrase of protectionists) was never greater. According to McKinley's own logic of 1890, we got more than $300,000,000 of gold out of Europe last year and added it to the wages of our workingmen. We know we did, for there are the figures which cannot lie. But this, too, is all to be changed. Surely times change and tariffs change in them.

The monthly statement of this country's foreign trade, issued Friday by the Bureau of Statistics, completes the very extraordinary record of 1896. For the month of December the excess of exports from the United States over imports was $59,271,093; for the twelve months this excess reached the enormous figure of $325,322,184. The two noteworthy facts embodied in this statement are the increase in December exports over any preceding month last year, and the rise of the year's entire export trade to the largest total in our history. Last year's exports from the United States foot up something over one billion dollars; the exact figures are $1,005,878,417. This is $35,000,000 larger than the total exports during the calendar year 1891, hitherto the highest. Since the export movement has been increasing month by month, there is little doubt that the amount for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1897, will also exceed even the billion-dollar exports for the fiscal year 1892. The meaning of such an export trade is illustrated best by comparison with previous years of trade activity. It will be remembered that our industrial prosperity during the period following 1879 was largely based on the immense expansion of the export trade. Yet the total exports during the fiscal year 1880 were only $835,638,658, and for 1881, $902,377,346.

While this continuous expansion of our export trade during the last twelve months has been in progress, the import trade has been as continuously contracting. It was very generally believed that, after the sound-money vote of last November, engagements of foreign merchandise for import would expand enormously. But the increase has been very slow; in the face of December's rising export trade, imports were $4,000,000 less than in the corresponding month of 1895, and $9,400,000 below the month's record in 1892. The result for the full year 1896, from this simultaneous rise in exports and fall in imports, is an excess of exports reaching the wholly unprecedented sum of $325,322,184. This balance in our favor is $173,000,000 larger than the similar export balance in the calendar year 1891; it exceeds by at least $20,000,000 the largest export balance in our history. It is scarcely a matter for surprise, in the face of such conditions, that Europe is borrowing heavily in our money markets in order to stave off what would otherwise be a rapid fall in foreign exchange and large gold imports to the United States. But such operations can in the nature of things be hardly more than temporary; they add to the already accumulated balance of trade indebtedness by Europe to the United States, and eventually they will press for settlement. Meantime the Treasury's gold reserve, which stood at $44,500,000 last February, and at $100,000,000 with the opening of September, has already passed the high level of $140,000,000.

The *Tribune* heads its article on the Indianapolis sound-money conference "A Bankers' Agitation"—which discloses an animus. It was not a bankers' conference. Bankers had nothing to do with calling it, and took very little part in its proceedings. No banker was elected as a delegate from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or Baltimore, unless ex-Secretary Fairchild may be considered such; but officers of trust-companies are not bankers in the sense that the *Tribune* here wishes to be understood. No banker made a speech there. Banking influence was completely wanting. The next charge is that the conference had a political aspect. "It was a faint penumbra," says the *Tribune*, "of the worst beaten administration in American history—an administration which found not one-tenth of its party friends to uphold it." It is true that the conference came to the conclusions advanced by Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle. It is equally true, however, that those who started the Indianapolis movement were and are mostly Republicans of the McKinley type. Mr. H. H. Hanna, the chairman of the executive committee, and the prime mover in the whole affair, is a man of this political complexion. It is safe to say that every man in the conference, or concerned with it in any way, voted for McKinley and desires to support his administration. What is the object, then, of putting the conference in a false light, as though it were some kind of a political dodge, intended in some way to benefit the Cleveland administration. How can anybody have an interest in doing that? Why should several hundred busy men leave their homes in midwinter and travel thousands of miles to serve as a "faint penumbra of the worst beaten administration in American history"? This article of the *Tribune* and one on the same page tendering support to Platt on condition that he will reform and be good, must be taken as signs of mental decay.

Illinois has escaped from the threatened disgrace of absolute conquest by the Republican machine. The audacity of the managers has wrought their overthrow. The State has always maintained an exceptionally high standard for its United States senatorships from the time of Douglas and Trumbull forty years ago. It is not, therefore, as though it had grown accustomed to Quays and Camerons, Hills, Murphys, and Platts. To propose that such a commonwealth should send to Washington as Gen. Palmer's successor an illiterate "boodle Alderman" of Chicago, was consequently so terrible a shock that the outburst of public indignation frightened the managers, and at last caused them to drop the Madden candidacy. It seems strange that the nation should congratulate a State upon escaping a disgrace the very possibility of which ought to be incredible, but in these days of machine power even the success of Madden seemed, until the end of the contest, the most probable outcome.

Inquiries are being made of us whether we think the *Sun* is to get nothing for its support of Platt except a regentship of the university for its managing editor. We know nothing about the matter, except that nobody with our knowledge supports or has ever supported or admired Platt gratuitously. All his followers get something for thinking highly of him, which is only fair. It, of course, seems singular that the *Sun* should go out of its own party in search of its rascals, but there is no real difference between rascals. If you admire Croker or Paddy Divver, you can find no difficulty in admiring Platt, on the same terms. Besides, we do not believe people read the *Sun* for opinion or doctrine. They read it for entertainment. It amuses them to see the old editor throwing mud at somebody or eulogizing scoundrels. It is like listening to low comedy every night in the week. Undoubtedly the effect on the younger men is to develop cynicism and flippancy of tone about politics and everything else, and to make them think champagne and terrapin are the only real forces in modern society; but it does not change their views. We see some of the effects, however, in our machine politics, our feasts with "vaudevilles," and our general *insouciance* about public affairs. The whole country seems a "big dinner," with dancing-girls at the dessert.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW YORK SENATORSHIP.

THE Platt programme was carried out on Thursday at Albany to the letter in the Republican caucus. Mr. Choate received 76 votes, and Platt 142. Moreover, the Platt nomination was "jammed through," as everything concerning Platt has to be, without speeches. He gave orders that there should be no speeches about him or his qualifications, and the legislators obeyed humbly. When it was all over, Mr. Pavey, conscious of his fault as a supporter of Choate, in order to escape his merited chastisement moved that the nomination be made "unanimous"—an empty and rather silly form, wholly out of place in any proceeding supposed to have principle behind it. To make it "unanimous" means, if it means anything, that everybody in the caucus finally believed Platt to be better fitted to be Senator than Choate, which, as a matter of fact, we presume nobody did.

The transaction is now complete, and it is interesting and instructive as showing how far we have got in our departure from the early anticipations of the founders of the Government. It was their expectation, as set forth in the 'Federalist,' and measurably realized during the first eighty years, that Senators would be elected on account of their character and intelligence, and their prominence in the community as good citizens, so that the choice of the legislators would commend itself to the voters outside. Our Republican Legislature has unanimously rejected such a man in favor of a man probably the most despised in the community, secretly; who has neither character nor intelligence fit for legislative purposes. It has unanimously rejected a distinguished orator for a man who is never known to have made a serious speech. It has rejected a man of spotless life for a man who is popularly believed to be the most of his time engaged in bribery and corruption. It has rejected a man intimately acquainted with the whole system of our Government and laws for a man who has never given any proof of such knowledge, except as much as may be necessary for the purchase of officials.

It has, again, rejected a man whose life has been eminently public—that is, whose mental and moral qualities have been for forty years subjected daily to the estimation of his fellow-citizens—for a man who never appears in public, and is believed to show all his interest in public affairs by the secret and illicit use of money. It has rejected a man who handles no money but that which, in the opinion of all men, he has honestly earned, or of which he does not render a full account, for a man who handles a great deal of money believed to have been unlawfully and dishonestly obtained, who makes a bad use of it, and renders no account whatever. It has rejected a man who believes firmly in the American practice of legislation through open discussion for a man who is opposed to all discussion, who insists, like a thief, on silence in all his transactions, and has introduced into our system a new process of law-making called "jamming through." It has rejected a man who, before any assembly or tribunal in the world, whose language he spoke, would raise the fame of his country for wit and eloquence and reflection, for a man who is unable to appear before any assembly or tribunal without a humiliating display of ignorance and speechlessness. It has rejected a man who is careful in his career to do and say nothing calculated to degrade his own government, to bring its law into contempt, or shake popular confidence in its efficacy and durability, for a man who has passed nearly his whole mature life in practices calculated to bring American institutions into disrepute and falsify the predictions of their founders.

We are living in a time when, for one cause or another, the great Eastern States, rich and populous as they are, have lost their weight in the Senate, through several years of representation by voiceless men of small reputation, and the destinies of the Union have been largely committed to semi-barbarous communities in the extreme West. We have chosen at this time to send to it probably the most insignificant Senator who has ever entered it, for he has not even the wealth to which some of the worst Senators owe their prominence, and for legislative purposes he is more incapable than Hill and more mischievous than Murphy. We have, too, chosen a period when the popular excitement against moneyed corporations has put our government in danger and inspired deep alarm about the future, to send to the Senate a man who owes everything, probably even his livelihood and that of his children, to having for years been the agent through whom corporations purchase legislators to "jam" bills or block them, as they shall direct, who owes all his power and notoriety to the yearly receipt of corporation money, for corrupt purposes. After this performance our bankers, and presidents, and millionaires still expect to convince the enraged masses easily that they are useful to America!

We, therefore, if we are to see a change for the better, think this senatorial election at Albany extremely important, because it may be said to set before the eyes of the country, in the most conspicuous possible way, a confirmation of the views of intelligent and observing men for some years past, concerning the road on which we are travelling. Everything has turned out exactly as they predicted. We have something now more substantial than newspaper denunciation. We see that those who supposed in 1870 that the passage of a charter by the Legislature "owned" by a boss, could never be repeated, were mistaken; that the same situation has come about again, through exactly the same causes, and that as long as these causes are left untouched, declamation about the effects is idle. Politics is not a science, but neither is the conduct of individual life, and yet we can predict national ruin from unchecked corruption as certainly as we can predict individual ruin from reckless extravagance.

THE INDIANAPOLIS CONFERENCE.

THE monetary conference of commercial bodies at Indianapolis finished its immediate business on Wednesday of last week, and adjourned subject to the call of its executive committee. Altogether it may be considered a great success, exceeding the expectations of those who initiated it. So far as the declaration of principles is concerned, there was absolute unanimity, the expression of which was marked by the greatest enthusiasm. The maintenance of the gold standard, and the redemption and retirement of the Government's legal-tender notes, and their replacement by banknotes were the three points of doctrine which brought the delegates together on a common platform. This unanimity teaches the important lesson that the men of affairs in the United States have made up their minds on these subjects, that their conclusions have been the result of experience, and that they are now prepared to battle for the policy which they believe to be necessary to prosperity in business. Inasmuch as the conference was a spontaneous gathering, being as far as possible removed from a "put-up job," and having no conceivable object except the public weal, its action must have a wide and beneficent influence. It is a part of the programme also to push the work so happily begun, by means of a permanent organization embracing the whole country, and not to desist until the currency question is settled on a basis conformable to the experience of the civilized world.

The mode of procedure adopted in this important undertaking was evidently the result of a compromise between two opposing views of policy. One of these contemplated the immediate appointment of a commission by the conference itself to investigate and report a plan of currency reform. The other proposed to ask Congress to pass a bill for the appointment of such a commission by the President. The plan actually adopted provides for both—that is, Congress will be memorialized at the session which is expected to be called in March, to provide for the appointment of such a commission, failing which the executive committee of the conference is to appoint one consisting of eleven members, "to make a thorough investigation of the monetary affairs and needs of this country in all relations and aspects, and to make appropriate suggestions as to any evils found to exist and the remedies therefor; and no limit is placed upon the scope of such inquiry or the manner of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conducting the same, excepting only that the expenses thereof shall not exceed the sums set apart for such purpose by the executive committee."

Congressman Walker, chairman of the House committee on banking and currency, opposed this plan as involving too much delay. He thought that the present Congress ought to take the initial step, because, if it were postponed to the Fifty-fifth Congress, it would be practically carried over to the Fifty-sixth. The answer to this is that nothing prevents the present Congress from acting on the lines suggested, and that Mr. Walker is the very man to set the ball rolling. He is the organ of the committee that has this matter in charge. If he can induce the present Congress to take such action, we shall applaud him to the echo, and we think we might safely guarantee that no objection would be raised by any member of the Indianapolis committee.

Mr. Fowler of New Jersey proposed that a committee of one from each State should be appointed to coöperate with the committees of Congress in the preparation of needful measures. This was rejected since it was believed to be impracticable to constitute a working committee in that way. Although Mr. Fowler's motion was not agreed to, he won the hearty applause of the convention for his speech, which seems to have been of uncommon excellence. He said that national bankruptcy would some day befall us unless the Government should go on and assume the functions of a bank of discount as well as a bank of issue, or should provide a system of taxation with special reference to the gold reserve, or should retire its demand notes altogether and leave the banking business to the banks exclusively. The last, he contended, was the only safe policy. Government notes were not only the most hazardous but the most expensive kind of currency.

This is a proposition which is very likely to be disputed, but what are the facts? Simply these, that the Government suspended payment on its demand-notes for seventeen years in succession, whereas in not more than four of these, if any, could suspension be accounted necessary. On the other hand, the longest bank suspension the country ever experienced was only four years, and even that was precipitated by the Government itself. Mr. Fowler's proposition can be easily maintained. The Government is liable to suspend at any time. It would have suspended two or three times since 1893 but for the lucky discovery of laws on the statute-book which Congress would not now pass. In other words, if the credit of the legal-tender notes had depended upon any Congress that we have had in recent years, it could not have been maintained. We should have been bankrupt before now and wallowing in free silver and irredeemable paper.

OUR RULER THE SPEAKER.

We have not lately heard so much about the Speaker of the House being a Czar as we did in the early weeks of 1890. But there are attributes of czarship more important than counting a quorum; and on the 12th inst. an event occurred at Washington which shows the absolute and autocratic power of the Speaker in the most convincing way.

A strong effort has been making by the advocates of the Nicaragua Canal bill, which involves an appropriation first or last of $70,000,000 to $150,000,000, to get a vote on it this session. The entire congressional delegation from the Pacific Coast waited upon Mr. Reed to ask that the next three days in the House be assigned to the bill. They showed him a petition for such action signed by a large majority of the House—all the Republican members except about twenty, and sixty Democrats. But the Speaker told them it would be impossible to grant their request. Why? Oh, he said that the time had already been assigned to other business. But this, they knew and he knew, was only another way of saying *Sic volo, sic jubeo*. Thus we have the spectacle of a great majority of the representatives of the freest people on earth forbidden by one man even to speak or vote on a bill which they are extremely desirous of passing.

The delegation went away sorrowful, even angry, but hopeless. They had no remedy. What! cannot an overwhelming majority of the House of Representatives do what it wants to? No, it cannot. It is absolutely bitted and saddled by the Speaker. He dictates everything. He says what bills shall pass; he says what bills it shall be permitted even to discuss. All the business of the House is arranged by the committee on rules, but that committee is the Speaker's creation and docile servant. What he tells it to do it does. Even if it did not, he has in reserve a right which dominates the House—the right of "recognition." This means that he determines who is to speak and who is not to speak, who is to call up a bill and who is not. As a matter of fact, every day's proceedings are carefully blocked out beforehand; the men who are to be "recognized" are known in advance (their names are on the Speaker's list), and those who are not to be "recognized" will clamor in vain. Sometimes a man not down on the programme does succeed in breaking in, and then the Speaker asks, "For what purpose does the gentleman rise?" If it is for something that the Speaker does not favor, the gentleman is told that somebody else is "recognized," and that he is to sit down at once. Through the Speaker's power of "recognition," which has over and over again been voted by Congress to be irresponsible and absolute, Mr. Reed can defeat the Nicaragua Canal bill or any other bill. He may prevent any man from getting the floor to call it up.

There is nothing new about this. Mr. Reed is only following and strengthening the precedents set him by his predecessors, and which make the Speaker of the House the most powerful man, as regards legislation, in our public life. The growth and consolidation of his power have been fully traced in Miss Follett's laborious and luminous monograph on 'The Speaker of the House of Representatives.' She records a letter of Mr. Carlisle's to Samuel J. Randall and others in which he formally and expressly asserted the right of the Speaker to say what bills should be considered in the House. There was then a majority of the House ready and anxious to pass a bill repealing certain internal-revenue taxes. They appealed to Speaker Carlisle to "recognize" somebody to call it up. After two days' deliberation Mr. Carlisle wrote them a letter in which he said: "I consider that it would not be proper, under the circumstances, for me to agree to a course of action which would present for the consideration of the House" the bill which a majority of the House wanted both to consider and to pass. This was in 1887.

It is a wise democrat that knows his own rulers. The absolute control of the Speaker over national legislation passes, for the most part, unperceived by press and people. Even the luckless Congressmen who are run over by the Speaker do not clearly see how the system works. They know that some terrible power heads off their bills, but they do not personify it, as they should, in the Speaker. We are bound to say that the Speakers have, as a rule, exercised their autocratic power for the public good. The Blair bill could not be brought to a vote in the House as long as Mr. Carlisle was Speaker. Mr. Reed throttled the free-silver bill of 1890. His killing of the Nicaragua Canal bill is an undoubted benefit. Almost anything, in fact, which the Speaker prevents Congress from doing is a cause for rejoicing. The presumption is that the thing Congress wants to do is a bad thing. If we could only be sure of always having a benevolent tyrant as Speaker, the system would not be a bad one.

As it is, however, its real operation is concealed, and that is a very bad thing. The Speaker has an enormous power, but it is a tacit power. It is power severed from responsibility. He never openly says that he is responsible for the legislation of the House, but he is and should be held so. Speaker Reed's quiet revelation of his power and determination in connection with the Nicaragua Canal bill is his own condemnation of his course in the last session of Congress. He could have prevented the swollen appropriations and the deliberate creation of a deficit. He could have stopped the Venezuelan and Cuban madnesses of last winter. He could have had the House come out squarely for the gold standard and a progressive currency reform. These things he might have done and perhaps made

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

himself President. That he did not do them was not because he lacked the power. Now that he himself confesses that he has the power, and now that the paralysis of a Presidential candidacy is, for the time being, removed from him, let us hope that he will find courage to match his power, and will organize and control the next House in the interest of economy and sound finance. Possessing the power of a ruler, let him acknowledge the responsibility of a ruler, and rise to it.

ENGLAND AND SOUTH AFRICA.

THIS winter promises to be the most exciting one England has known for many years, owing to the united revolt of the two Irish parties, and the coming home of Cecil Rhodes to be inquired into. The Irish revolt, an Irish Conservative member tells us, brings home rule nearer, in his opinion, than it has ever been before; and the arrival of Cecil Rhodes, and his appearance before the Parliamentary Commission, bid fair to revive all the old hostility between the English and Dutch in Africa which excited so much anxiety last year. In England the feeling about the Jameson raid was very much what it would be here about a filibustering expedition to Cuba. Men condemned it with their intellects and approved of it with their hearts. The Government was strongly opposed to it from the outset, but, had it succeeded, would undoubtedly have condoned it and accepted the consequences—that is, have taken over the Transvaal from Jameson.

When it appeared, however, that his raid had roused Dutch anger all over the continent, and promised, had he succeeded, "a racial war," and still more when the inquiry at Cape Town revealed the fact that there was a good deal of stock-jobbing behind it, and that Cecil Rhodes was cognizant of it, there was a considerable change in public feeling. People got a little provoked with Jameson for coming so near getting the Government into a serious scrape with men who could fight so well as the Boers, and Rhodes went under a cloud, and resigned his office at Cape Colony and prepared to come to England. The telegrams, too, discovered in Jameson's bag, and the telegrams produced at Cape Town in an inquiry instituted by the Legislature there, which enabled old President Krüger to floor Mr. Chamberlain, completed the English disgust with the whole matter. There was no good diplomatic answer to Krüger. Mining stocks were low, and the Matabeles, a formidable native tribe, had risen in rebellion, and were slaughtering and plundering the frontier settlers.

This was Rhodes's opportunity. Beating a hasty retreat from England, he betook himself to suppressing the Matabele insurrection. After some fighting, he went into their camp unarmed, accompanied only by his secretary, and, in an interview with the chiefs, actually talked them into submission. His friends in England, too, had time to raise their heads and write numerous articles in his favor, recounting his services to the Empire, showing the number of square miles he had added to it, and the place he had given South Africa among coming states. He had, in fact, made "Rhodesia," the name given to the new dominion, one of the glories of the Victorian reign. A reaction set in in his favor. The Cape Town population, in so far as it was English, turned to him again, and forgave him his connection with the raid. They feasted him, and presented him with addresses, and he in return took on a tone of defiance to the home Government, and predicted the coming of a great South African republic. The Town Council at Cape Town addressed him congratulations on the "courage and skill he had shown in making peace with the natives," and expressing the hope that he would speedily return to Africa and "devote his great powers to the material development of the vast industrial settlement in the north with which his name was associated." A "reception committee," too, called a public meeting at Cape Town, and passed a resolution admiring "his great and noble work."

But the Boers of the Transvaal took a very different view of him. A party of them, headed by a local notable, Judge Jorrsen, called on President Krüger, at Pretoria, on New Year's Day, to pay their respects, and the Judge said:

> "We do not presume to make to your Honor any suggestions of a political character, but we must declare as loudly and distinctly as possible that we can find no words to express our feelings in regard to the position taken up during the last few days by Cape Colony. The chief criminal in that despicable assault on our country was undoubtedly Cecil Rhodes. A few months ago a Parliamentary Commission found itself forced to give the following verdict: That the part taken by Mr. Cecil Rhodes in the organization of the raid made by Dr. Jameson was not in accord with his duties as Prime Minister of the Colony. This was only six months ago, and that same man is now being feasted during a triumphal progress through the Colony. In the east, in the west, at small towns and in the principal towns, he is glorified as the hero of the day, and even more as the hero of the morrow, regarding whose return to South Africa people expect everything. This is an insult to you, to us, to the whole republic."

Cecil Rhodes thus returns to England with a double load of obloquy, incurred partly by endangering British relations with the Dutch, and partly by having been a little insolent to the imperial Government. The inquiry in London can hardly avoid finding, as the inquiry at the Cape found, that Rhodes was privy to Jameson's raid, and his principal support will have to come from the stockholders in the Rand mines and from the Irish, as he contributed handsomely to home rule in the Parnell days. Had he held his tongue about the South African Republic, the imperialists would probably have rallied to him, but he has distinctly foreshadowed separation. That he is a man of very great ability there is no question, and, if he lives, doubtless he has a considerable future in store for him. He was educated at Oxford, where he graduated from Oriel College, after an unsuccessful attempt to get into Christchurch, where he was rebuffed by the then Master on account of his weakness in Latin. His strength of character was shown in not giving up the attempt, and in overcoming at Oriel the prejudice excited by his rejection at Christchurch. A trial of strength and numbers is clearly approaching between the Dutch and English, and he will probably play a conspicuous part in it.

LEIGHTON AND WATTS.

LONDON, January, 1897.

THE Royal Academy, in economical mood, has made an end to its winter shows of Old Masters. It seems that in the beginning, in 1870, Lord Leighton was one of the chief supporters of these exhibitions, and always afterwards took an active part in their organization and the keenest interest in their success. So the Academy explains in one of its own publications. No sooner is Lord Leighton dead, however, than his fellow-Academicians take the opportunity to be rid of the Old Masters, who, it appears, provoke a disastrous contrast with the new. Besides, the winter show has not proved a paying concern, and, presumably, a Royal Academy of Arts exists for no other purpose than to assure its own financial prosperity. There have been people to consider the exhibition of old masterpieces the "winter garment of repentance," worn by the Academy to atone for its spring indiscretions—the one good thing to come out of Burlington House; and there is no question that the academical decision means a very serious loss to all true lovers of art.

Certainly, the collection of Leighton's pictures, now hung, makes but a poor substitute for the glorious array of Titians and Rembrandts and Velasquezes that so often covered the same walls and gave a little color and splendor to the dull grayness of a London winter. Not that the collection is without its interest. So much has been said about Leighton in the short year since his death, so much ill-considered praise has been lavished upon him, such virtuous indignation has been expressed when his greatness has been as much as questioned, that it is a distinct advantage to have an immediate opportunity for the study of his life's work. Moreover, it so happens that at this very moment an exhibition of Mr. Watts's paintings is being held in the New Gallery, and for years, especially during the seventies and eighties—things have improved a little of late—Watts and Leighton were two of the most prominent of the very small group who rescued the Academy from the slough of commonplace into which the average Academician was fast dragging it. Neither was in sympathy with modern movements, though in Mr. Watts's technique some critics have discovered the origin of *pointillisme;* neither pretended to be in open rebellion, like the gallant young Pre-Raphaelites who started out in life practically at the same time, though Mr. Watts, of course, was their senior by several years. But both struggled against the feeble mediocrity into which English painting had sunk, both struggled to revive the grand manner of the old men and to preserve the dignity of art: Leighton by a return to classicism, Watts by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

recourse to a didacticism which, as a rule, critics are readier than painters to think possible. The result was that the greatness of their intention alone was enough to make them tower above their fellow-exhibitors at the Academy.

What Leighton could do when not bound by the rules which he set for himself, you can see in his drawings and his sketches—drawings made in chalk on blue or brown paper that are old-masterly in their excellence and vigor: sketches of places, full of the play of light and air; sketches for his pictures, rich in color, splendid in arrangement as those which Rubens so often dashed in as notes for his huge canvases. The show includes a large number of these studies and drawings, and to see them, without knowing the finished paintings, would be to acknowledge Leighton a master. Some of his earliest portraits, too, reveal the same strength, the same power. There is one of "Miss May Sartoris when a child," a little girl in a dark-blue riding habit, against a bold, beautiful hilly landscape, that a Courbet would not have been ashamed to own; a second of "Miss Ruth Stewart Hodgson," another little girl in a crimson coat, her round full face staring straight at you, her feet planted firmly on the floor where the border of an unseen rug makes an amusing line across the canvas—that Carolus-Duran, at his best, might have claimed. But these are the exceptions. In most of Leighton's pictures you look in vain for the qualities that delight you in the sketches.

Perfection to Leighton seems to have meant an indescribable dulness of technique, an indifference to texture, a smoothness or waxiness of surface that suggests the chromo. A fine sense of composition he had at times: he shows it in pictures like the "Garden of the Hesperides," though close by is the awful "Perseus and Andromeda," as reminder of how completely that sense could desert him. He had distinct feeling for color, as the big "Cymon and Iphigenia," so unsatisfactory in many ways, forces you to admit. But somehow, in his eagerness to give to every niche and corner of his design that perfect finish which he either believed was imperative, or knew the British public demanded of him, he managed to make composition and color completely ineffectual when any one of his larger pictures is looked at from the necessary distance—the only distance from which it can be seen as a whole. Indeed, it is doubtful whether he ever improved upon his "Cimabue's Madonna carried through Florence," the canvas which first made him famous in 1855, when it was exhibited and was at once bought by the Queen. It is in the Academy now, and, as the work of a young man, is unquestionably promising; ambitious in size and design and not altogether lacking in decorative effect. Judged apart from the fact of his age, it would be found crude enough; there is no life, no special observation in the figures of the procession that stretches across the canvas—faces and costumes all smell of the studio; there is no real Italian light or color in the landscape seen above and beyond the high wall that serves as background to the pageant. And yet the picture, as a decoration—and certainly it is as mural decoration that such a work must be considered—tells on the wall far better than the much finer "Daphnephoria" hanging opposite. This was painted twenty-one years later, and is, as it should be, a much more mature and accomplished piece of painting. There is greater elegance in the composition; the procession passes with a more rhythmic pomp and splendor. There is greater grace in the figures; I know of nothing lovelier in any of Leighton's pictures than the group of singing girls, long draperies swaying with their slow-stepping movement, faces delicately uplifted in melodious praise. And below to the right is the white town of Thebes dominated by a great temple set on a hill; and behind the figures a thick grove of trees shuts out all the sunny Greek landscape. It ought to be charming. But so overloaded is it with detail, so conscientiously carried out to the last degree of finish, that across the room nothing is left of it. It would fade into insignificance by the side of one of Puvis de Chavannes's designs, its confusing detail overshadowed by the Frenchman's simple flat masses of color and large, dignified outlines.

I have spoken more at length of the "Cimabue" and the "Daphnephoria" because, of the large pictures, they are the two in which Leighton fails least signally. In others, as in the "Captive Andromache," the composition is more discordant; or, as in the "Hero" or any one of the single figures, the perfect finish degenerates into mere Book of Beauty prettiness. To see Leighton thus alone, unrelieved by the usual Academical feebleness, is to be struck less by the largeness of his aims or intentions than by the indifferent merit of the results. I, at least, have not much doubt that, with years, his reputation as a painter will dwindle, while he will be remembered for his sketches and studies, his book illustrations (to which, unfortunately, no place has been given in the present collection), and his all too few sculptures—the "Sluggard" and the "Athlete" and the little sketch models for his pictures, which are now to be seen in the Academy.

To turn from Lord Leighton to Mr. Watts is to be confronted with very different problems in art. That there may be no mistake, Mr. Watts is careful to explain himself in a prefatory note to his catalogue. The great majority of his pictures, he says, "must be regarded rather as hieroglyphs than anything else, certainly not as more than symbols, which all Art was in the beginning, and which everything is that is not directly connected with physical conditions." His intention is frankly didactic; a thread of thought will be found to connect the whole series of his paintings together, "and to show that the object in work has been to suggest, in the language of art, modern thought in things ethical and spiritual." There is not space here to quarrel with Mr. Watts's theories and principles. The truth is, had he been less an artist his ideas would long since have meant his artistic death. If he is impressive in his work, it is despite, not because of them. And he is impressive; moreover, succeeding just where Leighton is most at fault. His genuinely great compositions, however surcharged with ethical meaning, hold their own. There is a large "Court of Death," not yet completed, and eventually to be presented to the nation, now placed at the far end of the long room at the New Gallery. The minute you cross the threshold, you see it, you feel it, you recognize its power. You may not know what it is all about, but you are conscious of the well-grouped figures, the large, well-balanced masses, the sweep of the lines, the simple grandeur of the scheme; you imagine it as it would look in the shadowy chapel of some dim cathedral or over the high altar of some gorgeous sanctuary. Admirers of Mr. Watts will tell you that it impresses because of his modern conception of Death as the kindly deliverer, the comforter, in contradistinction to the old grinning skeleton of the mediæval painter. But you are no more impressed after the hieroglyph is deciphered, after the riddle is read, than you were before, when you were aware only that you were looking at a fine composition, vigorously brushed in upon the canvas.

It is the same with almost every picture shown by Mr. Watts. The meaning or moral is the last thing you think of, whether it is in the majestic "Love and Death," with the strange, imposing white-draped figure towering above the boy, beautiful in his nakedness; or any one of the three splendid panels, "Eve Tempted," "She Shall Be Called Woman," "Eve Repentant," which are so sumptuous in color that you forget the clumsiness of certain details (the hands, for instance), and would like to see them decorating a palatial hall, as the work of Tintoret and Veronese decorates the Palace at Venice. I repeat, the more obvious is Mr. Watts's ethical intention the less beautiful is his picture. His Uldra and Nixies, his "Paolo and Francesca," his "Dweller in the Innermost"—these, and all kindred canvases, so highly extolled in our days of sham mysticism and Celtic revivals, one would gladly forget for the simpler (simpler in theme, that is) "Ariadne in Naxos," with its perfect landscape and graceful figures, or the "Fata Morgana," with its wealth of color, or the best of the portraits.

It is the fashion to say that Mr. Watts paints the soul in a portrait. I confess I do not know what this means. But I do know that sometimes he renders the beauty and character of a face as few men can, as in the portraits of himself, of Mr. Swinburne, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Mr. Morris, above all Mr. Walter Crane; that sometimes he presents a full-length figure with a distinction and charm that few of the old men excelled, as in the wonderful "Mrs. Percy Wyndham." But quite as frequently he has produced portraits so insignificant, so absolutely devoid of character and vitality, that, from another painter, they might pass as the veriest pot-boilers. However, if there is one fact the show of his collected work proves incontestably, it is his inequality, his unevenness—an attribute, some say, of genius. The quality of his painting varies with almost every canvas; the man who creates almost the masterpiece one day, condescending to mere rubbish the next. But for this very reason, perhaps, he interests where Leighton merely bores. One would rather have some sign of individuality, even if clumsily expressed, than characterless uniformity, however scholarly.

N. N.

THE CIVILIZATIONS OF NORTH AFRICA: PHOENICIAN, ROMAN, ARAB.

CARTHAGE, November 26, 1896.

SCHOLARS and travellers who have, during the last few centuries, studied the history of the countries round the Mediterranean or described their condition, have been struck by nothing so much as by the contrast between the northern and the southern shores of the great inland sea. For the last eight hundred years, and most conspicuously for the last four hundred, the countries on the north have been the seats of a brilliant and progressive civilization, which in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was amazingly productive in literature and art, and which in more recent times has continued to advance in all that makes for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

material prosperity as well as for political enlightenment, peace, and order. Meanwhile the lands to the south remained plunged in a darkness that seemed during the six hundred years to grow always deeper, and a barbarism as cruel and repulsive in the beginning of the nineteenth as it had been in the fourteenth century. Till the French entered Algeria, some sixty-five years ago, the whole south coast of the Mediterranean was a theatre of bloodshed and brutality unsurpassed in the world. Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, were known only as nests of piracy; and, within two days' sail from Marseilles or Leghorn, the condition of mankind and the arts of life were at as low an ebb as they had been in the darkest part of the Dark Ages. People had come to think of this as a natural thing, and supposed that Africa was by some permanent historic law destined for barbarism as Europe was for civilization.

No such contrast would have occurred to the mind of any ancient observer. He would have rather inclined to call North Africa a part of Europe, more advanced than most parts of the northern side of the Mediterranean, and essentially belonging to the circle of Mediterranean civilization. Herodotus, indeed, describes much of Libya as in the hands of savages. But there was a line of civilization along the coast in his days from Egypt, the oldest seat of art and culture, past the Greek settlements of Cyrene, Barca, and Tripolis, to Carthage, the greatest commercial city of the world. After the fall of Carthage, Roman government and Greco-Roman civilization struck deep roots in North Africa, and, during the first four centuries of our era, the African shore belt, the Nile valley, and the less arid or mountainous parts of the interior, formed the most productive and the most prosperous provinces of the civilized world, while literature, and especially oratory and Christian theology, flourished as nowhere else within the western dominions of Rome; certainly more than in Italy herself. Down till the time of St. Augustine—that is, till the earlier part of the fifth century—Africa, safe from the assaults of the northern and eastern enemies of the Empire, had preserved an exceptional peace and prosperity, which the inhabitants of Syria and Macedonia and Gaul must often have envied. Even the strife of rival pretenders to the imperial throne had comparatively seldom stained her plains with blood.

North Africa—and I speak now only of the country between the Great Syrtis and the Straits of Gibraltar, for the fortunes of Egypt have often run in a quite different channel—North Africa has had two civilizations planted in it, and has twice seen civilization destroyed. A Semitic and an Indo European race have been the planters; an Indo-European and a Semitic race the destroyers. The second of these destructions has been one of the most complete recorded in the annals of mankind. Christianity, as well as letters and arts, was utterly blotted out, and the revival which occurred in the earlier days of the Semitic destroyers presently passed away, leaving the country wretched and forlorn down till the coming of the French in our own time.

The first people to bring civilization among the wild Berber tribes were the men of Sidon and Tyre. From a very remote time, probably as far back as the time which we describe as the Homeric age, they had begun to establish first their trading factories and then their fortified settlements at convenient spots on the African coast. These settlements grew into such cities as Utica, Hippo Zarytus (now Bizerta), Hadrumetum (now Susa), and Carthage. Carthage soon outstripped and reduced to dependence the other Phœnician colonies, and after a while began to conquer the fertile region to her south and west, subduing the Libyan tribes that lived nearest to her. She did not care, however, to acquire any far-reaching dominion in the interior, and used the native population rather as a market in which she could buy slaves and soldiers than as material to be Phœnicized and turned into permanent subjects. Neither Punic arts nor the Punic language seem to have spread widely among the people, who were of a race and type dissimilar from the Phœnician. Carthage remained isolated, a ruling city, whose citizens did not seek to permeate and assimilate the people of the land. The soil was tilled either by native cultivators, or, near Carthage herself, by slaves; so no Punic peasantry grew up. There were towns governed by suffetes like Carthage herself: we are told that, just before her fall, Carthage counted three hundred subject to her. But these people were subjects, not citizens. Even the industries that produced the wares which the Carthaginian traders bore away over the western Mediterranean and the coasts of the ocean, were carried on by slave labor, and not, it would seem, by Punic artisans. Thus Carthage remained a city and never grew into a nation, and the failure to expand and multiply made her influence upon Africa comparatively shallow, as well as limited in its range to the fertile country round the city and to the neighborhood of the maritime towns. It was also the cause of her downfall when the great struggle with Rome came. Rome had, besides her own peasantry and her military colonies, the martial population of middle Italy to fall back upon, and was never really in danger save when that population seemed likely to turn against her. Carthage had no such resource; her free Libyan subjects were neither numerous nor loyal, her soldiers were nearly all mercenaries, and when the invader was in Africa and had overthrown one army, another could not be raised. If the efforts the Carthaginians made in subduing Sicily, Sardinia, and eastern Spain had been spent in making Africa Carthaginian, the Punic wars might have had a different issue.

What civilization the Phœnicians did give to Africa was a material civilization, only slightly artistic or literary, and not in the least political. Though the constitution of Carthage itself was both strong and elastic, and received the praise of Aristotle, no sort of political organization seems to have been extended to any part of the Carthaginian dominions, whether insular or continental. Punic art (so far as one can judge from the objects preserved in the museum at Carthage) was rude and monotonous, inferior to that of Etruria, and at best a coarse imitation of Greek models. Books were written, but apparently only on practical subjects, and none of them is known to us except by meagre extracts, preserved in Roman works, from Mago's famous treatise on agriculture. The contrast between the Phœnicians and the other small but even more remarkable Semitic race to which they were so nearly allied, is in this respect remarkable. Israel showed, in Old Testament times, no aptitude for trade, but a striking aptitude for poetry and for the expression of moral emotion. Phœnicia, so far as we know, wanted both these gifts, but had developed a commercial capacity exceeding that of any other ancient race. The Hebrews were a pastoral or agricultural people; the Phœnicians, traders and manufacturers. The fondness for art which we find in the Babylonian and Assyrian Semites was equally absent from Phœnicians and Israelites. The feature common to both these two latter peoples was a certain intensity of national life and passionate energy of temper—an energy in which they surpassed the Greeks, and which enabled them so long to struggle against Rome, whose real resources were far greater, and whose strength of national character, equal to that of the Carthaginians, suffered far less from intestine discords. To be capable of producing really great men is not a bad test of the fibre and quality of a race. The race that produced Hamilcar, Barca, and Hannibal, not to speak of some other brilliant admirals and generals, would even by this have proved itself to stand high among the races of the world.

When Carthage was destroyed in B. C. 146, Rome took over her dominions, gave them a regular governmental administration, and built up a Greco Roman civilization in which probably, before long, no distinctive Punic element remained, except the worship of certain special deities and the use of the Punic alphabet and language. The alphabet has survived to become that of the Berber tribes, and continues in the Sahara down to modern times. The language remained as the common speech of the coast until the end of the fourth century A. D. Roman government and civilization were ultimately extended all over North Africa, which became (as has been observed) one of the most populous, wealthy, and cultivated parts of the Roman world. Carthage, restored to greatness in the time of Augustus, was now the second city of the empire, with a population which is said to have approached a million; and Africa was the granary of Rome. The ruins of countless towns, scattered all over the plains south and west of Tunis, and of the numerous villas with their beautiful mosaic pavements, the most beautiful, it would seem, yet discovered anywhere, give a lively impression of the populousness of the country and the easy life of the upper classes. But the Emperors did not trouble themselves to completely subdue and Romanize the wild tribes of the mountainous or arid interior, just as they left almost untouched the mountaineers of rugged Albania and the tribes of the Isaurian and Cilician highlands. Had these tribes been made Roman in feeling, they might have been a valuable bulwark. But they remained outside, and when the central power decayed in the fourth century after our era, the hill-tribes and the nomads of the desert became troublesome, just as the Picts and Scots did at the same time to the provincials of Roman Britain. They had retained their martial habits and a practical independence under their chiefs, probably to a large extent their heathenism, while the provincials had lost the habit of using arms, and did not know how to organize themselves for defence when the Emperor, pressed by his Teutonic and Persian enemies, was unable to send them help. Thus when the Vandals, who had begun their wanderings from the shores of the Baltic, crossed the Straits of Gibraltar, they found wealthy but unwarlike Africa an easy prey.

Then came the first of the two devastations which Africa was to suffer. The Roman, though he utterly demolished Carthage, had left the rest of the country unharmed, and, under his sway, civilization had spread far more widely over it. The Teuton, however, being a barbarian, exceptionally rude and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fierce among the Teutonic barbarians, destroyed and did not rebuild. He was a Christian; but he was also an Arian, and, unlike the Arian Goths, he hated the Orthodox Africans fully as much as they hated him. There was therefore much pillaging and ruining of churches as well as of the dwellings of wealthy provincials; and there was no fusion of the Vandals with the provincials during the hundred years which followed the Teutonic conquest. Recent archæological explorations confirm the impression made by the scanty records of the Vandal conquest, that with it the destruction of Africa began. Cities disappear from history and are heard of no more; public works are neglected; the fabric of society shows signs of dissolution. Meanwhile the Vandals had from their capital, Carthage, reëstablished by their naval power a West Mediterranean Empire like that of old Punic Carthage, for it included Sardinia and Corsica and the Balearic Isles. But this extension of dominion was useless to a race who seem to have lacked the gift of political creation. The Vandals remained conquerors or pirates; they did not trade and they could not organize.

The end, however, had not yet come. Civilization made another effort. Justinian, who conceived that the country still belonged to the Roman Empire, sent Belisarius with an army to recover North Africa. His victory was swift and easy. The Vandals had no support from their provincial subjects, who welcomed the imperial troops as deliverers; and the feeble resistance made by a race who had been so formidable sixty years earlier, seems to show that either their numbers or their fighting qualities had declined under the sun of Africa. They vanish, their remnants mingling with the provincials, and are heard of no more. They were the only Teutonic race that ever entered Africa; and eleven hundred years were to pass before another came to the opposite end of the continent. The Dutch occupied the Cape of Good Hope in the middle of the seventeenth century, and the English came in the beginning of the nineteenth.

The African provinces do not seem to have gained much beyond the cessation of Arian persecution by being linked anew to the Roman Empire. They were a long way from Constantinople, now the capital of the empire, and had lost the sense of community with the Greek-speaking provinces. They were sorely troubled by the irruptions of the wild Moors of the mountains and the nomads of the desert, and not only was the old organization decaying, but the area of order and prosperity seems to have been more and more narrowed to the level lands along the coast. The use of Latin itself was dying out, and the Berber tongues were those most spoken by the people. Then came the Arab invasion of the seventh century. Left to themselves, for the Empire was too hard pressed in Asia to help them, they made but a feeble resistance. The first great battle, fought not far from the present site of Kerwan, in A.D. 647, overthrew the Roman Governor (then himself in revolt against the Emperor). A second irruption in A.D. 665 permanently established the Saracenic sway; and in A.D. 697 Carthage herself was stormed and destroyed. We know little of what followed. Christianity quickly disappeared, and has never again raised its head among the native population. But there seems to have been a certain revival both of agriculture and of industry, for in the tenth century the sugar cane was grown at Kerwan and cotton at Sfax, and the manufactures of these and other towns were sold far and wide. The country from Tripoli to Tunis was evidently rich and populous, though there is nothing except the mosques of Kerwan to show that civilization had here produced any development of learning or thought or art comparable to that which existed in Bagdad or in Cordova under the Eastern or the Western Khalifs. Such as it was, this prosperity was destroyed by a new immigration of wild desert Arabs in the eleventh century. What with their devastations and what with the intestine wars of rival princes, the country began to sink, and never again recovered itself. For twelve years (A.D. 1146-1158) the coast towns from Tripoli to the Gulf of Tunis were reclaimed for Europe by the fleets of King Roger of Sicily. But the Norman, who might have done so much for these hapless regions, was forced to relax his grip, and Africa relapsed into a barbarism which has made these fertile lands desolate and dreary, and left in them only a sixth or seventh part of the population they might support. The Semite has been the last enemy as he was the first planter of civilization here. The Tunisian Arab, whose huts one sees round Kerwan to-day, is as much a savage as the nomad Libyan whom the Phœnician settlers found when their ships began to trade along this coast thirty centuries ago.

Will the rule of France and the influx of Italian and Maltese immigrants replant a new civilization? Alexander Dumas said, "Africa begins at the Pyrenees." Shall we at some future time be able to say, as the ancients would have said, "Africa begins at the Sahara"? This is an interesting question. I shall hope to return to it in a concluding letter. C. E.

Correspondence.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: "A Californian Teacher," writing in your issue of December 31, 1896, besides raising general objections—which seem to me entirely inconclusive—against the system of accredited schools as a device for connecting secondary with collegiate education, makes certain representations concerning the actual operation of the system at the University of California. Those representations are so comprehensively misleading that I beg leave to offer a few comments upon them. In the first place, it is distinctly intimated that the accrediting system was established there within recent years as an expedient for increasing the number of students, and thus outstripping Stanford University. This expedient, it appears, has been successful: "With the institution of the present system of accredited schools, the flood-tide in favor of Berkeley has set in, as far, at least, as quantity is concerned." On the implied comparison in respect of quality, it would be neither seemly nor profitable to express a difference of opinion. For the rest, the actual facts are these:

The accrediting system was begun in 1884, some seven years before Stanford University was established. During the past three years, in which time the number of students has increased most rapidly, these additions, so far from being welcome, have caused a serious straining of the educational and financial resources of the University. In certain departments the teaching-staff has been overworked; the buildings have been so overcrowded as actually to necessitate the erection of tents for the accommodation of classes; and more than once the year has ended with a serious deficit in the treasury. This has been due, of course, to the fact that, in a college which charges no tuition-fee, added numbers mean an increased demand without any increase in the resources for meeting the demand. The Regents of the University at one time debated the question of charging a tuition-fee for the express purpose of reducing the number of students. The project was abandoned, as I understand, because it was believed to conflict with the University's charter.

"A Californian Teacher" further charges that the University has in general sought numbers at the expense of lowering its standards. In point of fact, the admission requirements have been slowly but appreciably raised within recent years. What those requirements are, for candidates who take the entrance-examinations, any one who cares to look into the University Register and the pamphlet of specimen examination papers may find out for himself. The requirements are somewhat less than those of Harvard and Yale; with these exceptions they compare favorably, so far as I know, with the conditions of admission to any other college in the country. Now, admission by certificate is a more difficult, not an easier, matter than admission to the University of California by its entrance-examinations. This is illustrated by the fact that pupils in preparatory schools—pupils, often, of no exceptional ability—frequently enter the University by examination six, or even twelve, months before they could have been admitted by certificate. Both University and schools discourage this practice; but that it is possible shows that the accrediting system is by no means recognized by the pupils themselves as a short and easy road into college. The University throws the greatest safeguards around the system. By visitation, by frequently demanding from each school specimens of its examination-papers and written work, and by comparing the work of students from different schools after they have entered college, it is entirely capable of keeping the schools up to the established standard.

Finally, there is no evidence for the assertion of "A Californian Teacher" that the University hesitates to remove from the accredited list schools that have fallen behind in the quality of their work. About two years ago the University refused to accept the certificates, in a certain subject, of the largest and one of the best equipped high-schools in the State. It is *not* a general complaint of Californian teachers that the accrediting system of the University makes life too easy for them. This fact will perhaps make the singular communication of the writer in the issue for December 31 seem the more singular.

I am, sir, yours very truly,

Arthur O. Lovejoy.

Cambridge, Mass., January 8, 1897.

THE PROPER EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is an incisive editorial paragraph in the January number of the *School Review*, a journal of secondary education published by Chicago University, entitled "Cant concerning Co-education." "Co-education" usually refers to work in college, but the editor here treats the education of girls in schools

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for boys. His remarks are, however, applicable to the wider sphere. He begins by saying that "a common form of intellectual dishonesty results from the ever renewed attempt to find logical grounds for supporting, as the ultimately best attainable, something which is historically a mere makeshift of necessity." He shows that history knows no formal education but male education, and that when "it came about that girls were considered as having intellects and capacities well worth training and developing, the boys' schools had the field," and girls were, of necessity, let into them. "We let the girls into the boys' schools because that was the easiest and the cheapest way to dispose of their demand for an equal education with boys." The girls now outnumber the boys in the schools, and yet these remain "boys' schools."

"Let there be an end," he exclaims, "of the hypocritical hypnotism by which we are all made to proclaim that a secondary curriculum must always and ever be sexless. Whether there is or is not sex in intellect, there certainly is sex in life. Women as a class do not do, and do not want to do, the same things as men. . . . There is much talk about differentiating courses of study so as to give boys with different aptitudes and, consequently, different potential careers all an equal chance. Let us give the girls an equal chance, and not longer impose upon them and upon ourselves by specious pleas for equality by which is meant identity."

The appearance of an article like this in a journal published by a co-educational college that has a number of secondary schools affiliated with it, in which girls and boys are instructed together, might strike one as strange; but a little thought will show that it is precisely in such an environment that thoughts like these would naturally be evolved. The writer says that "it is dangerous now for one to suggest that the boys' schools are not exactly the very best places in which to bring up girls," and yet he is brave enough to add that "our high schools and academies are modelled for males, they plan to turn out accomplished males, and the females who gain admission to them are turned out just as male as possible, fitted mainly and often craving after some masculine pursuit."

It may seem strange that one who has been for many years encouraging the instruction of women by the professors of a man's university, should repeat, with any degree of sympathy, such utterances as these. I wish, therefore, to say that my incentives all these years have been a sense of justice and a feeling of patriotism. I have felt that woman ought to have access to the best instruction, and that she should be the judge of what is desirable for her. I knew that ninety per cent. of the teachers of boys and girls in New England are women, and I wished to see the greatest opportunities brought within the grasp of these teachers, for the advantage of the state, because it was clear to me that unless the teachers of the schools had the best instruction, they could not fit the boys under them to do well in college. All the while I have held that experience only could tell us whether the collegiate education given to men is the best that women shall ever find. The words of the *School Journal* show that others are looking at the interesting problem in the same way.

ARTHUR GILMAN.

CAMBRIDGE, January 14, 1897.

HINDU AND INDIAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is not often that the critic catches Mr. Howells in a slip, particularly in literary matters, but surely here is one.

In his very interesting article on "The White Mr. Longfellow," in the August number of *Harper's Magazine*, after speaking of the meetings of the Dante Club, Mr. Howells says (p. 336):

"At the last of them, Lowell had asked him, with fond regret in his jest, 'Longfellow, why don't you do that Indian poem in forty thousand verses?' The demand but feebly expressed the reluctance in us all, though I suspect the Indian poem existed only by the challenger's invention."

The poem to which Lowell referred is, of course, the 'Rāmāyana' of Vālmiki, and Mr. Howells was undoubtedly thrown off his guard by the use of Indian instead of Hindu.

SAMUEL BALL PLATNER.

ADELBERT COLLEGE, CLEVELAND, Jan. 12, 1897.

Notes.

LORD ACTON will edit for the Cambridge University Press (New York: Macmillan) "The Cambridge Modern History" in twelve volumes of about 700 pages each, covering the period from the end of the Middle Ages to the present day. Mr. Bryce, Mr. Lecky, Mr. Morley, Mr. Frederick Harrison, Mr. Sidney Lee, and Prof. Jebb are some of the editor's colaborers. The same firm announces an 'Encyclopædia of American Horticulture,' under the editorial supervision of Prof. L. H. Bailey of Cornell University. The articles will be signed by the respective specialists. The three large volumes contemplated will bear date 1900.

D. Appleton & Co. announce 'The Early Correspondence of Hans von Bülow,' edited by his widow, and translated by Constance Bache; 'The True Life of Captain Sir Richard F. Burton,' by his niece, Georgiana M. Stisted; 'Memoirs of Marshal Oudinot,' from the hitherto unpublished souvenirs of his wife; 'The Story of Extinct Civilizations in the East,' by Robert Anderson; and 'Our Juvenile Offenders,' by Douglas Morrison.

The Riverside Edition of Mrs. Stowe's Writings (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) proceeds with a volume of 'Stories for the Young,' another of 'Religious Studies, Poems, etc.,' two containing 'Oldtown Folks and Sam Lawson,' and one each for 'My Wife and I,' 'We and Our Neighbors,' and 'Poganuc People and Pink and White Tyranny.' The introductions do not call for remark except in the case of 'Poganuc People,' where Mrs. Stowe's own key to the historic and autobiographic character of the work is given; and of 'Oldtown Folks,' for a like revelation, as well as for Prof. Stowe's account of his remarkable visions during early childhood. These would indicate that he was an undeveloped "medium," in modern spiritualistic language. One may suspect that children oftener than they can tell are attended by like invisible companions, even if we but call them creatures of the imagination. Their reality to the boy Stowe was perfect. This instalment contains several very interesting portraits of Mrs. Stowe.

Messrs. Longman have issued the twenty-eighth and last volume of their well known "Badminton Library." This volume deals with the 'Poetry of Sport,' and is edited by Mr. Hedley Peek. We find here, as elsewhere in the series, evidences of a praiseworthy endeavor to do full justice to the subject, and also to satisfy the reader that this particular volume is one that no sportsman's library should be without. An essay by the ever-ready Andrew Lang on classical sport is apparently thrown in for the purpose of raising the literary tone of the book, which, in spite of this essay and of sundry quotations from Shakspere, Spenser, and others, is somewhat depressing. Mr. Peek condemns in caustic terms the reader who fails to find in his pages an affirmative answer to his question, "Is sport a fitting subject for the poet?" but we are compelled to admit that, with the few brilliant exceptions which are familiar to every schoolboy, his selections leave us in the ranks of the condemned. Among the best are some modern parodies, and the lines on the rule of the road which first appeared in the *Sporting Magazine* for September, 1793:

> "The rule of the road is a paradox quite,
> For when you are travelling along,
> If you keep to the *left* you'll be sure to be *right*,
> If you keep to the *right* you'll be *wrong*."

Students of the socialistic movements taking place on the continent of Europe may find some matter of interest in two works recently published by the Longmans. One of them, by Mr. Bertrand Russell, consists of six lectures on 'German Social Democracy,' in which the author gives a critical and historical account of the theories and labors of Marx, Lassalle, and other leaders, as well as of the political influence and aims of the Social Democratic party. Mr. Russell appears to be a collectivist, but his tone is moderate and his analysis of Marx's theories is destructive. The second work is a translation from the Italian by Richard Jenery-Shee of Count Edward Soderini's 'Socialism and Catholicism,' which also contains an account of the theories of the German Socialists named above, with an array of such antidotes as are offered and recommended by the Roman Catholic Church.

The same publishers issue a seventh edition of Mr. William Leighton Jordan's 'The Standard of Value,' a collection of newspaper articles, letters, clippings, and quotations of a heterogeneous character, all intended to demonstrate the iniquity of maintaining the gold standard. Mr. Jordan sneers at the timidity of such half-hearted bimetallists as would wait for international agreement, and, after the manner of our American agitators, declares that England is a big enough country to maintain bimetallism "without the consent of foreign nations."

In his pleasant little book on 'Old English Customs' (New York: New Amsterdam Book Co.), Mr. P. H. Ditchfield has satisfied, in no small measure, a very real want. His purpose has been to describe the customs actually still extant in various parts of England; and, though he has not quite succeeded in banishing paragraphs beginning "There used," he has kept pretty closely to the limitation imposed, with the result of impressing us anew with the variety and vitality of local usages. No arrangement of the matter has been attempted beyond a following of the calendar; and the contents are of very varying degrees of interest. But on the whole it is a useful as well as an entertaining collection; the more to be commended since the author is satisfied with narration, and rides no hobby, pre-Aryan or other. With his concluding aspiration that "those who are in a position to preserve any existing custom in their own neighborhood will do their utmost to prevent its decay," we shall all be in general sympathy, though it must be confessed that there are some customs, here set forth, about the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

maintenance of which serious qualms of conscience might very well arise. It is the common difficulty when evolution becomes conscious.

We cannot give any similar approbation to another book of the popular antiquarian order, Mr. W. E. A. Axon's 'Bygone Sussex' (London: Andrews & Co.). It is a collection of odds and ends, ranging from lesser mediævalisms to stories from the Newgate calendar (not all *virginibus puerisque*), plentifully interspersed with very minor local poetry, some of it the compiler's own. We refuse to believe that the history of Sussex is so barren that it could not furnish forth a volume a good deal more likely than this is to create "a strong and healthy local sentiment." Of course there is an occasional grain of wheat in the chaff, and such books seem to find readers. We can readily picture them — retired business men, in easy garden chairs upon the lawns of villas around Hastings. But to the serious student such books are enough of themselves to justify the adjective appropriated to the antiquarian, to wit, "pottering."

Another volume of 'Eminent Persons: Biographies reprinted from the *Times*' has been published by Macmillan. It is for the years 1891-92, a safe interval. Even an American would hardly challenge the claim to eminence of more than three or four of this group of thirty three, of which the summits are Sherman, Moltke, Lowell, Parnell, Manning, Freeman, Whittier, George Bancroft, Renan, Tennyson, Owen, and Airy, besides Prince Napoleon, Grévy, Boulanger, Tewfik Pasha, Sir John Macdonald, Lord Granville, Bradlaugh, etc. These are not great character-sketches, but they contain details which entitle them to a place in a reference library.

One more link has been added to the chain of evidence which binds German literature to the English of the eighteenth century: J. Barnstorff, in 'Young's Nachtgedanken und ihr Einfluss auf die deutsche Literatur' (Bamberg: Buchner) has with great industry traced the influence of the author of 'Night Thoughts' in the works of Klopstock, Wieland, J. P. Richter, and several minor poets. In the case of Klopstock he has considerably enlarged the list of parallel passages pointed out long ago by Ebert, Cramer, and Hamel. Prof. Franz Muncker, in a brief preface, has some friendly words of commendation for the young author whose premature death prevented him from giving the finishing touches to his essay and seeing it through the press.

One of the most valuable of recent contributions to Dante literature is Alfred Bassermann's beautifully printed and richly illustrated quarto, 'Dante's Spuren in Italien: Wanderungen und Untersuchungen' (Heidelberg: Winter). The author makes a pilgrimage through Italy, and follows the traces of the poet in all the places which he is supposed to have visited, or which are referred to in his works, or which contain frescoes or other delineations of scenes from the 'Divina Commedia' such as are found in Rome, Florence, Orvieto, Pisa, and Lucca. Especially interesting are the illustrations from Codices, of which several facsimiles are given. Besides an excellent map of Italy showing the author's wanderings, there are sixty-seven plates, some of which are reproductions of Alfred Rethel's admirable xylographs of Death. The work is somewhat in the same line of investigation as Ampère's 'Voyage Dantesque,' published in 1839, but is much more thoroughly done, and also far excels the French volume in typographical and artistic execution.

In celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of Gutenberg's birth, the exact date of which is not known, but which occurred during the last five years of the fourteenth century, Alfred Bröckel, librarian of the City Library of Mainz, has prepared a work entitled 'Gutenberg, sein Leben, sein Werk, sein Ruhm,' and just published in fine style by Emil Roth of Giessen. This volume, which is beautifully bound and profusely illustrated, contains all the information available concerning the life and labors of the inventor of the art of printing, and is sold for the moderate price of $1.25.

The *Musenalmanach* for 1897, edited by Dr. Otto Braun and published by Cotta in Stuttgart, contains contributions from fifty German authors and six illustrations by prominent artists. The literary contents are poetical with the exception of three novels: "Unsere Carlotta," by Isolde Kurz, "Der schwarze Engel," by Ernst Eckstein, "Das hässliche Nixlein," by Hans Hoffmann, of which the first is by far the most original in conception and artistic in execution. The first number of the *Musenalmanach*, edited by Schiller and published by Cotta, appeared just one hundred years ago, so that the present issue may be regarded in a certain sense as the centennial celebration of the founding of the famous annual.

'Die Universitäten in den Vereinigten-Staaten Amerikas: Ein Beitrag zur Culturgeschichte,' by Athanasius Zimmermann, S.J. (Freiburg im Breisgau: Herder), begins with an historical sketch of education in the English colonies of North America from 1621 to 1775, and of the growth of higher schools during the period of the Revolution and the conflicts with the mother country from 1775 to 1812. Then comes a chapter on "The Period of Experimentation" from 1820 to the present time, followed by brief biographies of Horace Mann, Henry Barnard, Francis Wayland, Dr. Barnard Sears, and other prominent educators, and a deserved tribute to Dr. Henry T. Tappan in connection with the University of Michigan. There are also chapters on "Catholic Institutions of Learning," "The Great American Universities of the Present," and "The University Education of Women," to which the author as a Jesuit is naturally opposed, believing that the injuries to social and domestic life outweigh all the advantages of superior intellectual culture. We have a list of authorities, a short section on scholarships and fellowships, and tables of the universities, colleges, and preparatory schools in different States, with the number of professors, students, and books in the libraries, and their financial resources.

In a pamphlet of forty-four pages, entitled 'Das Bibliothekwesen in den Vereinigten-Staaten' (Hamburg: Seppel), H. Bonfort gives a concise and, on the whole, very correct account of the growth and character of public libraries in the United States. American libraries, he says, unlike the universities of the New World, owe little or nothing to similar institutions in Europe, but have developed on new lines, unhampered by time-honored traditions and bureaucratic red-tapeism, and thus, through their admirable organization and management, excel all others in accomplishing the purposes for which they are founded. He praises especially the libraries of Massachusetts, and the efficiency of women as librarians, which seems to have been a revelation to him. Among the gifts to the library of Cornell University, the magnificent historical collection of ex-President White and the valuable donations of Prof. Willard Fiske should have been mentioned.

The ninth volume of Jules Lemaître's 'Impressions de Théâtre' (Paris: Lecène, Oudin & Cie.) is interesting in that it shows the distinct tendency of the writer to greater conservatism, and to a repetition, at times, of the ideas so frequently enunciated by Francisque Sarcey in his delightful *chroniques*. M. Lemaître treats the younger school of dramatists fairly, analyzes their works conscientiously, endeavors to pick out the beauties which they contain, even if latent; but he does not enjoy the new school, and cannot see its value. He goes further than this: he does not deny directly the power of Ibsen, for instance, but he cannot see that Ibsen has done anything not already done, and usually better done, by Dumas *fils* or Augier. It is this intensity of national feeling which comes out repeatedly in the present series of "Impressions," as well as the almost regretful criticism of the wholly contemporary weak school of writers who mistake the disgusting and the excessive for genius, or at least talent of a high order.

In the first editions of his 'Vie de Saint François d'Assise,' M. Paul Sabatier omitted all that referred to the famous Indulgence of Portiuncula. Having since convinced himself of the authenticity of the documents in support of this indulgence, he has added to his book a chapter in which he treats the question at length. The scene of the audience is dramatically told. This new chapter will be included in future editions, but is also published separately by Fischbacher.

The eighth part of Mr. Quaritch's 'Contributions towards a Dictionary of English Book-Collectors' is distinguished by a facsimile of Mr. Gladstone's recent letter to this famous bookseller on the subject of collecting; by another of Mr. James Lenox's last letter to Mr. Quaritch; and by a copy of Edward FitzGerald's bookplate, designed by Thackeray in his usual inartistic manner. The accompanying letterpress on FitzGerald goes into minute details of his literary purchases, not without interest to the poet's admirers, and, we suppose, hitherto known only to the first publisher of his Omar Khayyám.

The cheerful fifteenth annual report of the managing committee of the School of Classical Studies at Athens, 1895 96, is accompanied by several instructive photographs of the excavations at Corinth which bore such rich fruit in determining the sites of ancient structures. Attention is called anew to the plaster casts of objects found by the School and to photographs, for sale by Dr. Clarence H. Young, Columbia College; as well as to lantern slides for the stereopticon—of topography and antiquities—procurable by loan or purchase, at a moderate price, of Prof. B. Perrin, 133 Farnam Hall, Yale College.

Under the title of "The Smoky Pilgrims," Prof. Blackmar of the University of Kansas contributes to the *American Journal of Sociology* (Chicago) a brief study of two related families of shiftless and vicious paupers kept alive for twenty years in the Kansas town where they were stranded on their nomadic migration. Portraits from life reinforce the characterization of each member. Loose sexual habits have introduced a colored strain into the family line, in conformity with the recorded observation that mixed marriages at the North are usually between white women and colored men.

In the January number of his *Land of Sunshine* (Los Angeles, Cal.), Mr. Lummis begins the reproduction of rare documents relat-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing to the Spanish-American portion of the Union with the 'Reglamento para el Gobierno de la Provincia de Californias' (Mexico, 1784). He gives a facsimile of the title page at scale (as we judge), then condensed facsimiles, page by page, of the entire work in a first instalment, too small to be readable for itself without a *loupe*, but serving perfectly to check the accompanying translation in fair type. This innovation upon the current picturesque matter of the monthly cannot fail to commend it to public libraries.

The new quarto form of the semi-monthly *Chap-Book* (Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.)-makes a brave showing typographically, barring an affectation in paragraphing the Notes. The margins are generous indeed; the title-page is rubricated. Mr. Henry James begins a serial story, "What Maisie Knew."

The Siberian Railway is making rapid progress, according to an account by Mr. J. Y. Simpson in the January number of *Blackwood*. Sixty-two thousand workmen are employed—on the western section, Russians, Siberians, and Italians; on the eastern, convicts, Chinese, and Coreans. The best are the convicts, whose faithfulness is rewarded by the lessening of their terms of exile—a third, for instance, in one class. Technical schools for the education of engineers have been opened in three of the large towns on the line. Emigration has been encouraged by grants of land and low fares on the railways, with the result that a tide has set in from Russia far beyond the capacity of the road to handle. In the first five months of 1896 there passed through Tcheliabinsk alone 170,000 persons. Towns are springing up in great numbers along the western section, which runs through a "black-earth" country. In anticipation of a great grain crop (Siberia raises now 432,000,000 pounds of grain for export), the Government is constructing a railway to connect the Ob with the Dvina, so that the expensive transit through Russia to the Baltic or Black Sea may be avoided. A large sum has also been appropriated to improve the navigability of these rivers.

A recent number of the *Geographische Abhandlungen*, edited by Prof. Penck of the University of Vienna, is occupied with a minute account of the lakes of the Salzkammergut, by Dr. J. Müllner ("Die Seen des Salzkammergutes und die österreichische Traun"), together with an atlas of detailed maps and profiles, prepared with governmental aid. Lakes of three kinds are recognized: main valley lakes, lying in the course of large streams as they issue from the Alps upon the piedmont foreland, and occupying part of a moraine-walled glacial amphitheatre; upper-valley lakes, lying near the head of a valley beneath steep mountain slopes, and enclosed by morainic walls; and mountain lakes, lying upon the highlands. All are intimately connected with glacial action. Associated with some of the lakes are morainic divides in former valleys, whereby streams are now turned to flow inwards towards the Alpine axis, instead of continuing on a more normal outward course. Both text and atlas supply a profusion of minute details on lacustrine morphology.

The Catalogue of Geological Bibliographies undertaken by vote of the International Geological Congress at its fifth session in Washton, 1891, is lately published (Paris: Gauthier-Villars), under the competent editorial direction of Emm. de Margerie, who has devoted several years of faithful labor to bringing into accurate and uniform arrangement the great body of material supplied by his colaborers. It forms a volume of over 700 pages, and must prove an indispensable work of reference to all studious investigators in its science. An analytical table of contents leads with comparative rapidity to any desired part of the work, and a reference to the indicated pages brings quickly before the eye all that has been done in the way of special bibliography on the selected subject. Geologists everywhere should express to M. de Margerie their indebtedness for his patient and necessarily tedious labor.

The International Association for Comparative Jurisprudence and Political Economy, which was founded a year or so ago in Berlin, and already includes a long array of jurists, economists, and administrative officials, announces a competition which may, perhaps, prove attractive to some American scholar. It offers a prize of 1,600 marks for the best essay giving "a comparative survey of the principles which prevail in the colonies of the most important countries as to the acquisition and colonization of land by settlers, and of the economic results of such principles." Essays may be in German, French, or English, and must reach the Secretary, Kammergerichtsrat Dr. Kronecker, 241 Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W., before April 1, 1898. They will be adjudicated upon by a board of judges, including, besides three high German functionaries, representatives of other countries, among whom we notice Mr. James Bryce for England, Prof. von Martens for Russia, Prof. Philippovich von Philippsberg for Austria, and Prof. Ashley of Harvard for the United States.

Perhaps with reference to the communication from Detroit in our last issue, concerning "School and Home," a correspondent sends us the constitution and by-laws of "The League of Parents and Teachers for the Improvement of the Secondary Education of Girls in New York City," founded on November 13, 1896, by the Committee of Sixty of Barnard College. The League holds regular meetings on the first Wednesday of every month, "at which either topics of general interest are discussed, or lectures given by some person of authority in matters relating to education." The corresponding secretary is Mary E. Rayson, 176 West 75th Street.

—Bacourt, France's minister plenipotentiary to this country in 1840-42, and who had been Talleyrand's First Secretary of Legation in London in 1830-34, naturally measured Americans by the English standard. Hence, while conceding perfect politeness to Martin Van Buren, he saw in that President only "la parfaite imitation d'un gentleman." In 1873, Mr. Lowell, in Bacourt's own country (where Taine could say "the gentleman is not found") wrote of the Duke d'Aumale: "He is a *distingué* person in a high sense, with a real genius for looking like a gentleman." This humor is embalmed by Dr. Murray under the word *distingué* in the new instalment of the Oxford Dictionary (Macmillan). Byron, apparently, in 1813, started the vogue of this exotic in English. But Lowell is sole sponsor for three other words in *dis-*, viz., *dissaturate*, in 1866, *dissensualize*, in 1854, and *disprivacied*, in 1848, in the "Fable for Critics." The last is curious, for Dr. Murray will not overlook in "The Cathedral" (1870) the same poet's

> "By throngs of strangers *undisprivacied*,"

showing how the intervening twenty-two years, which completely made over Lowell the man, could not obliterate this particular word-fancy. There is another negative word in prospect which will upset the provisional claim for *disproportionableness* that it is the longest word in the language—twenty-one letters, nearly an alphabet. But here already is *distinguishableness*, with nineteen, only awaiting its *in-* to rival the former sesquipedalian. Dr. Murray quietly dismisses a different pretension by citing Ouida ("[American speaking] I *disremembered* to ask") with other English authorities only, from 1836 down, for a word which he brands "chiefly dialectic." A real Americanism, the vulgar pronunciation of "*deestrict*" for district, is not recorded here in any manner. American, too, by survival, is the "distance" on our race-course, the English turf knowing it no longer, as we are here informed, though we have an English quotation as late as 1870, "A *distanced* horse cannot start again." No doubt the incarnation of the noun in the verb to *distance*, 'to outstrip,' will long endure.

—Several obsolete words in this section (extending to *distrustful*) will bear remark. We might wish that Howell's *disterr*, 'to exile,' had held its own, together with *disparish*, 'to disappear,' and *disparition*, matching *apparition*. As for *disoriént* (1655) and *disoccident* (Marvell, 1672-3), they might any day be evoked beside the living 'to *orient*.' Together they furnish one of numerous examples in our language in which the same meaning is conveyed by contrary words; each having the sense of 'to confuse as to the points of the compass,' 'to embarrass,' etc. Why *dispalate* should have failed to flourish beside its hardly elder synonym *disrelish* is apparent only if we consider that the noun *relish* has a positive as well as a neutral sense, *e. g.*, "a breakfast relish," "to eat with a relish." On this principle *disoffice* gave way before *disservice*, and *disopinion* likewise before *disesteem*. The Elizabethan *disposed*, 'in a jocund mood,' has been reduced to the rank of neutral, requiring a qualifying adverb. We need hardly regret *dispeple*, 'to publish,' which dates from 1297, and derives from Old French *despeupler*. But suppose it had survived to bother us along with *dispeople* (1490), our phonetic reformatory friends would have grudged us the reading aid of the silent *o* in the latter word to distinguish one from other. Dr. Murray marks obsolete Chaucer's *distrait* [destrat], 'distracted in mind,' and notes that the word is usually treated as an alien—*i. e.*, printed in italics—when signifying 'absent-minded.' This is well exhibited in Thackeray's adopting the feminine form, "She was very *distraite*," while Kingsley, no doubt foreshadowing ultimate naturalization, writes, "She was *distrait*." We quote, for another locution, Dr. Murray's first citation under this word: "One of those Sort of Men who are very often absent in Conversation, and what the French call," etc. (Budgell, 1711). Dr. Johnson is held up to animadversion for having altered *dispatch*, to *despatch*, which we are accordingly advised to eschew, albeit perhaps the word came to us *via* Spain, after "*despachar*." But we must forbear. It is pleasant to find Burke's will (1797) cited for "*disposing* mind," and to trace "Man purposith & God disposith" to À Kempis's 'De Imitatione' (in translation, 1450). "A distinction without a difference" is at least as old as 1579. The good news comes that the letter D is now wholly in type.

—There can be no doubt, we imagine, that Dr. Myra Reynolds's Chicago University disserta-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, of 290 octavo pages, is the most detailed and comprehensive treatment yet made of 'Nature in English Poetry, between Pope and Wordsworth.' Shairp's 'Poetic Interpretation of Nature' is a more original treatment and of greater literary value, Veitch is as thorough in his keen study of 'The Feeling for Nature in Scottish Poetry.' Biese's 'Die Entwicklung des Naturgefühls in Mittelalter und in der Neuzeit' covers a wider range than Dr. Reynolds's work, but is utterly inadequate in its study of Wordsworth and numerous precursors of Wordsworth. The treatments of the period by Gosse, by Dr. Phelps of Yale, by Symonds, and others, are summary. Miss Reynolds alone seems to have had the courage to read and discuss exactly what was said, and when, by something like 150 poets, concerning natural colors and odors; concerning sounds of winds, of waters, of birds; concerning mountains, the ocean, the sky, night, storms, flowers, trees, and animals; concerning topography, country life and town life; concerning God in nature, and the joy, peace, wisdom, and ethical stimulus that are derived by man from nature. The results of the study receive untechnical statement in a final chapter. The author is surprised to find how completely the ideas of the early nineteenth-century poetry were represented in the germ in the eighteenth century. "Before Wordsworth most of his characteristic thoughts on nature had received fairly explicit statement." The work is a good example of the kind of literary investigation which may legitimately be called scientific, as opposed to very much that is not.

—'La Synergie Sociale,' by Henri Mazel (Paris: A. Colin & Cie.), is a book full of excellent intentions not always happily, or, indeed, wisely expressed. The object of the author is laudable in the highest degree, but his manner of fulfilling it is at times almost intemperate. That object is the importance of what he terms "social synergia," a term defined as "the harmony of the active loves of each individual." This love, he next explains, is "concord between citizens first, then between subjects." Another definition, given near the end of the book, is "active devotion." M. Mazel holds that the decadence of France, such as it plainly appears to him, is due precisely to the disappearance of synergia from the nation. It must be confessed that he makes, in the course of his exposition, many strong points, and does reveal many causes of the weaknesses which even the most patriotic of Frenchmen must needs recognize. The work is divided into three parts—the Past, the Present, and the Future. In the first of these M. Mazel paints a picture of the world's history up to modern times, in which he gives proof of remarkable powers of evocation and description. Indeed, this part recalls the superb chapters of Michelet, in his History of France, in which the Middle Ages are made living to the reader. From a literary point of view, this is incomparably the best part of M. Mazel's book. In the second part he describes the French Revolution in language calculated to make the late Paul Albert, who looked upon it as the greatest event in the history of the world, rise from the grave in indignant protest. But M. Mazel, while he does indulge in excess of language to which we are not accustomed outside of Victor Hugo's novels, here again proves his position and makes his point. He believes in inequality, in the élite, and absolutely disbelieves in the masses, the *turba*, which has never produced and never can produce any great work or any great invention. Hence he desires the return to hero worship, for "it is the heroes who cause the world's progress: civilization springs from powerful individualities, and not from aggregations of large numbers of men." It should be added, finally, that M. Mazel writes in a style which lends considerable attraction to his subject.

—A recent number of the *Far East* contains an unsigned article on "The New Japanese Cabinet" which, in style and thought, is wholly that of Shimada Saburo, the ever-strenuous advocate of the responsibility of the ministry, not to the Emperor, but to the Diet—and, in this article, to "the people." The leading paper, a highly important and unusually significant one, treats of the nature of Japanese civilization. For the first time from a native writer, we have a clear and unreserved avowal that the known history of the Japanese begins as late as that of the Germanic nations. His whole thesis is to prove that the Japanese, so far from being an old nation, is one of the youngest. That traditional conception of the Western mind which associates Japan with China in hoary antiquity is a radical error. Before the Christian era the Japanese archipelago was a waste and empty land, with a few scant tribes of savages. Although the invaders from Tartary streamed over the sea at various times later than the Christian era, civilization, writing, and the means of recording time came only in the sixth century, with Buddhism. Then began what may be called history. The author insists that Japan should be classed, not with China, India, Persia, and Egypt, but with Germany, France, and England. The so-called "Oriental characteristics" wrongly attributed to the Japanese are generalized ideas based upon observations of the present social conditions of the old nations of Asia. Shut off from competition with the world, isolated from the struggles and energies of Europe, with only Korea and China for neighbors—nations with whom there was neither sympathy nor competition—"Japan may be compared to a bright young man without brothers or sisters, without comrades in his plays and in his studies, brought up by a kindly grandmother." The author grieves over the absence, from the sphere of influences shaping Japanese history, of the Renaissance, the Reformation, modern philosophy, the French Revolution, the progress of inventions, and the rise of the American republic. He shows the defects of Confucianist culture, which ignored the entire world of ideal living—a grave defect, remedied by Buddhism, which gave that idealistic temper to the Japanese mind best seen in the refinement of taste, in art and manners. With subtlety and a consummate literary art, that has enabled him to escape the censor, the writer criticises (though with hasty step as if to get past the danger-point) the ideals of government in Japan, past and present. He shows how his countrymen have missed the idea of personality which gives tone to Western life, as well as the spirit and method of scientific inquiry. In a masterly way, yet winningly, he points out the limitations under which Japan has labored in her past career. He calls his countrymen to new endeavor, and pleads "for the sympathy and prayers of the best people of all lands," that Japan's task of adjusting old life and institutions to new environment may be perfected. The author, Yokoi Tokiwo, has been twice a student, while in mature life, at New Haven. He is one of the foremost non-sectarian Christians now in Japan.

—The further examination of the Egyptian papyrus containing epinician odes by Pindar's contemporary, Bacchylides of Ceos, reveals an interesting detail in the ode celebrating the victory of Hiero of Syracuse. Here there is a digression dealing with the myth of Meleager, which is dragged in as certain of Pindar's similar digressions appear to be. This fault, then, so far as it is evident in both poets, would seem to attach rather to the conventional form of the established epinician ode than to the poets who adopted it. Another and more important point seems to be clearly made out in regard to the three compositions of Bacchylides described by Prof. Dyer last week as not clearly written in commemoration of victories, but as having an unmistakable connection with the games. They now prove to be examples of a species of lyrical composition known as the dithyramb. These of Bacchylides are apparently intended for performance at athletic festivals, but are not connected with any person or victory. Students of Greek literature will recognize the importance of this discovery, since no example of a dithyrambic ode has till now been known, in spite of the fact that practically all the great lyric poets of Greece wrote in this style, which was also much in favor with minor poets. Indeed, Suidas alludes to an important work by Damagetus of Heraclea which was entirely devoted to the dithyrambic poets. The nearest to a complete dithyrambic ode hitherto known is a beautiful fragment of Pindar consisting of twenty-one lines. If we now are to have three dithyrambs by Bacchylides, they will afford a most interesting subject of consideration to students of the Greek tragedy, since tragedy is known to have developed from the dithyramb—originated, say some, by Arion himself, though others more credibly trace it to a later singer, Lasus of Hermione, who lived at Athens under the Pisistratidæ, and is supposed while there to have taught Pindar his dithyrambic innovations. It looks, then, as if the new discovery was to have a very remarkable importance, since it now bids fair to supply us with an essential link, hitherto missing, in the evolution of the Greek drama.

THE ELEVENTH CORPS AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

The Battle of Chancellorsville: The Attack of Stonewall Jackson and his army upon the right flank of the Army of the Potomac, at Chancellorsville, Va., on Saturday afternoon, May 2, 1863. By Augustus Choate Hamlin, formerly Lieutenant-Colonel and Medical Inspector, U. S. Army, Historian Eleventh Army Corps. Bangor, Me.: Published by the Author. 8vo, pp. 196, with nine maps in colors.

In this book the Society of the Officers and Soldiers of the Eleventh Army Corps may be said to have officially challenged the aspersions upon their conduct in the battle of Chancellorsville. By resolution passed at their annual meeting in December, 1895, they adopt the work of Dr. Hamlin as their own, both in its vindication of the soldierly conduct of the corps as a whole and in its arraignment of Generals Hooker, Howard, and Devens.

If Dr. Hamlin was not the official historian of the corps, his book would still command attention by the ability with which he has ar-

Reference Collection
Lee College Library
Baytown, Texas
9,702e
DEC 17 1906
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rayed the evidence which is now made accessible by the publication of the Official Records, together with the material from private sources which time has brought to light. Nothing can appeal more strongly to the sympathies of fair-minded men than the deeply earnest protest of some ten thousand intelligent and patriotic soldiers that they have been, for thirty years and more, maligned and abused; that they have been falsely charged with cowardice, and with causing the defeat of a great national army by a senseless and unnecessary stampede. What they say through their advocate makes, as it ought to make, a serious demand upon future writers of history to weigh with careful scrutiny and just balance the proofs and the arguments which they offer. There is no denying that they have borne for a long time a fearful burden of military opprobrium. The larger number of those who survived that awful day in the spring of 1863 have by this time followed into another world their comrades who fell on the field; but only the greater duty is laid upon the living to vindicate their fellow-soldiers as well as themselves, if they have been wronged.

In various forms they began their cry for justice within a week from the day of battle. Some of their officers asked for official investigation, for leave to publish their own reports, for courts of inquiry, for leave to testify before the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War. It was thought impolitic by the War Department to make a public investigation, as being more likely to give aid and comfort to the enemy than to bring any advantage to the national cause. The Eleventh Corps men still sought through the press to get a modification of the popular judgment. They have not been wholly unsuccessful. In his paper on Chancellorsville in the 'Century War-Book' General Couch spoke the sentiment of intelligent military men when he said that any other corps of the Army of the Potomac would have broken before such a flank and rear attack as the Eleventh Corps was subjected to. Still, the bad name had been given, and it stuck. Underwood and Dodge, writing histories of the campaign, did something to remove the wrong judgment, but a full examination from the corps point of view seemed still the only adequate remedy.

Dr. Hamlin examines, first, the composition of the corps. As to nationality, he tells us that instead of its being a German corps, as is currently believed, probably three-fifths of it were Americans by birth, comprising some of the best native material from the East and the West. Of the German regiments and officers of rank, he shows that they were not adventurers, but patriotic naturalized citizens, well educated, well drilled, of good discipline, comprising many men of distinguished attainments in every department of learning and of public and private activity. Some of the officers were soldiers who had made brilliant reputations in the armies of Germany and France. The fourth chapter of the book, on the "Personnel of the Eleventh Corps," is itself a valuable contribution to the history of the civil war.

The author next examines the actual position of the corps on the field, and shows that it constituted the right wing of Hooker's army, being deployed along the turnpike leading from Chancellorsville through the wilderness to Orange C. H. Its line was nearly east and west, facing south, reaching from the Dowdall Tavern a mile and a half westward. Its extreme right flank was bent back so as to oppose one brigade to any attack that might come along the turnpike against that end of the line. Jackson, with more than twenty thousand men arrayed at right angles to the turnpike, came against this exposed flank where only one brigade was in position to oppose him, and no change of front by the corps was attempted until the Confederates were at close quarters with the single flank brigade. That the division to which it belonged (Devens's) was rolled up and driven off in a disorganized mass, was a matter of course. Dr. Hamlin seems very logically to draw his conclusion that here was no question about the courage or cowardice of the rank and file, but one of responsibility of general officers, pure and simple.

Carl Schurz's division was formed to face Jackson in time to do some stout fighting, but was partly broken by the retreating masses on the road at its left, and far outflanked on the right. The artillery did good service, and Jackson did not gain more ground without paying severely for it. Still, Schurz also was forced to retreat, though he fell back with deliberation and in creditable order. Steinwehr's division (minus its strongest brigade, which had been detached) also made good resistance, but it could not gain a good position, and Jackson's impetus, with the decisive advantages of a flank attack and great superiority of numbers, was sufficient to drive the whole corps back close to Chancellorsville. It had taken some two hours to do this, and the aggressive power of the Confederates was exhausted some time before Jackson fell in the early evening.

Concerning two of the three divisions of the corps, therefore, it may be fairly said that they were not disorganized, and yielded ground under the pressure of greatly superior numbers in positions not of their own choosing, and where they fought at such disadvantage that they could not be expected to maintain themselves. As to the other division (Devens's), it was struck in flank, at the end of its thin line of deployment, where resistance was, by every military rule, futile. It was knocked to pieces, of course. The army machine is not made to be used that way; as well expect a ship to sail over rocks and reefs as if going through the water.

Where, then, was the fault? Dr. Hamlin's array of evidence shows that there was no lack of warning. Again and again notice was sent in from the pickets and from reconnoitring officers that a very heavy Confederate force was forming for attack in the Wilderness forest on the right flank and rear. The officers making these reports were as well worthy of credence as any others in the army; yet their earnest and reiterated assertions of the fact were received, apparently, with contemptuous scepticism, not even worth the pains of personal verification by the superior commanding officers. The facts constitute a psychological problem, as well as a military one, of a very curious character. General Hooker received information from his centre corps about noon that Lee's army appeared to be retreating across the front, toward Orange C. H. This seems to have been received as indubitable fact, without inquiring what else such a movement across the front might mean. Sickles moved his corps out "in pursuit," and the centre was thus stripped of the troops which, in a few hours, were sadly needed to support the overwhelmed right flank. The "pursuit" was not swift enough or strenuous enough to interfere with Jackson's movement, and went far enough only to put Sickles's corps out of the combinations for several hours. It thus contributed to Jackson's success as if he had commanded both armies. One would have thought that the news of a force forming for attack beyond the right flank would have given at once the right meaning to Lee's "retreat." It did nothing of the kind. It seems to have been regarded only as proof of the panicky character of Eleventh Corps officers. So the awakening came when Jackson had smashed Devens's division—not before.

Some light is thrown on the matter by looking back at the history of the corps in the campaigns of the previous year. It had been Sigel's corps, part of MacDowell's army, and afterwards part of Pope's. It had hardly served with the Army of the Potomac, and had suffered from the jealousies which were so rife during all that year. Howard was newly assigned to the corps command and Devens to his division. It was scarcely possible that they should be free from the prejudices of what had been McClellan's army. Hooker, by temperament, was likely to feel them in an exaggerated degree. The corps was looked upon as a dubious quantity of questionable quality, that was to be "licked into shape" under new leading and instruction. Reports of danger on the flank, under such circumstances, would be very likely to seem panicky—just what was expected. A longer acquaintance between commanders and subordinates would probably have made such misunderstanding impossible. The reports and correspondence of the subordinates show that they were exasperated to the last degree by the consciousness of being misjudged. No situation could be better prepared to breed trouble.

It is not yet possible, perhaps never will be, to divide the responsibility equitably between Hooker, Howard, and Devens. Dr. Hamlin gives proof of the warnings which went to the division commander, but we cannot tell how far they were transmitted. The scepticism expressed by Devens might be only the reflex of the condition of mind at headquarters of the corps and army. He could not foster insubordination by openly blaming his superiors. More complete means of doing justice may some day come to light. This book may fairly be said to close the first chapter of the debate by showing conclusively that the question is one of generalship, and not of soldierly quality in the rank and file.

Dr. Hamlin very properly "carries the war into Africa." He takes up the analysis of the Union and Confederate records to show that some of those who have been loudest in jeering at the Eleventh Corps are quite vulnerable. That the Eleventh was overwhelmed by vastly superior forces under Jackson, no one now denies; but he boldly avers that the desperate and triumphant contest that evening at Hazel Grove was with an imaginary enemy. Into this we cannot go.

The book treats at large only one feature of the battle, the attack on our right flank on Saturday afternoon, May 2. It is that alone which specially concerns the Eleventh Corps. Yet the character of the whole contest affects the judgment of every part. Hooker was beaten by Lee with but little more than half his numbers. He had abandoned the initiative and accepted a purely defensive rôle before Jackson made his attack. He was already strategically defeated unless he took advantage of Lee's temerity in widely separating the two wings of his inferior army. This Hooker seemed incapable of doing. He hugged the delusion that Lee was retreating till Jack-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

son gave him a rude awakening, and then his paralysis of will and intellect became even more complete. With a commander so plainly overweighted by his responsibilities and so easily beaten, the historian does not need to look further to find reasons for unsatisfactory results on any part of the field.

In one respect Dr. Hamlin might, with a little trouble, have made his book much more valuable. By giving in foot-notes the references to the Official Records which he has analyzed, it would have been easy for us to verify his work. It is a serious fault in a narrative that is necessarily controversial, to omit a full and accurate system of references, by volume and page, to the author's authorities. On the other hand, the ample series of maps copied from Col. Michler's official surveys could hardly be improved. The colors guide the eye admirably and make each sketch intelligible at a glance. Being compiled so as to show the actual situation at nearly every half hour, they make, of themselves, a history of the field that is a model for work of the kind.

The military histories of our time are noticeable for their refusal to accept an official narrative as beyond appeal. Moltke was warmly opposed to the debate of any matter supposed to be set at rest by the staff history issued from headquarters. Yet the German and French presses teem with books radically controverting the official story, and it must be added that they very often show good reason for doing so. It is a satisfaction to every lover of historical truth to see this fearlessly and fully done. The controversies over modern events are wholesome because they give us a fulness of evidence which makes our opportunity of reaching truth incomparably better than in any former time. In every sense Dr. Hamlin's is a useful and welcome addition to the material for our military history.

RECENT LITERARY CRITICISM.

English Prose: Selections, with critical Introductions by various writers and general Introduction to each period. Edited by Henry Craik. Vol. V. Nineteenth Century. Macmillan. 1896.

Essays. By Arthur Christopher Benson. Macmillan. 1896.

That Dome in Air. By John Vance Cheney. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1896.

Idyllists of the Countryside: Being six Commentaries concerning some of those who have apostrophized the Joys of the Open Air. By George H. Ellwanger. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1896.

Essays in English Literature 1780–1860. By George Saintsbury. Second series. Scribners. 1896.

A History of Nineteenth-Century Literature 1780–1895. By George Saintsbury. Macmillan. 1896.

THE fifth and last volume of Mr. Henry Craik's 'English Prose' is meant to cover the 19th century. It contains, like its predecessors, an extensive and skilfully made selection of characteristic passages from a large number of good authors (ranging, in this instance, from Scott to Stevenson), with a general introduction and brief prefaces. For the selection, as we have hinted, we have nothing but praise. The introductions, however, are not equally acceptable. Some of them are good, and most of them are at any rate harmless, but, taken together, they do not give one an impression of much critical vigor or much felicity of style on the part of their writers. Perhaps the worst of the lot is the general introduction by Mr. Craik himself, which seems to us both dull and pedantic, in spite of its manifest struggles to be neither. Characteristic is the following sentence, in which the most hackneyed of truisms is produced with a solemnity almost comic: "It is a common fallacy to believe that simplicity is always due to nature; it is quite as often due to the highest art." Another passage, almost equally characteristic, deserves to be quoted for the rich quality of its unintentional humor: "That common form of intellectual perversity which thinks that it has sufficiently marked the place of Johnson in prose style by calling him turgid and sesqui pedalian, inevitably leads its victims into a parody of his formality which lacks the faintest reflection of his virility and force." If the Doctor could read this, he would, we fancy, straightway begin to ruminate the "desperate saying" of the Florentine that, though we are bidden to forgive our enemies, we are nowhere commanded to forgive our friends.

Nothing better than this sentence of Mr. Craik's has appeared of late, if we except the definition of modern simplicity in Mr. A. C. Benson's 'Essays,' propounded with like seriousness:

> "Modern simplicity," says Mr. Benson, "must show the spareness of asceticism, not the leanness of anæmia. It must arise from the repression of luxuriance, not poverty of spirit. Strict simplicity implies the rejection of all startling and glittering tricks of style, and consequently it implies a lowly patience in pursuit, with an indefatigable zeal for the selection of the precise, the majestic, the supreme."

Mr. Benson's "Essays," we hasten to add, are not to be judged from this passage. They are gently, but often subtly, appreciative; the subjects—Marvell and Henry More and Vincent Bourne and Gray and William Blake, to mention no others—are interesting; the critic's temper is always amiable; his judgments are usually sober, and never eccentric. In a word, Mr. Benson's book, though not a great book, is a good one, of the kind to make friends and keep them. We hope for a second edition, in which the plaintive preface shall be cancelled; for Mr. Benson should take courage—he is no *vox clamantis*, and he need not call himself names.

Under the title 'That Dome in Air,' Mr. John Vance Cheney has collected a number of his papers on poets and poetry, chiefly American. These little essays, all or most of which were originally intended for popular lectures, are agreeable to read, and show the author's well known delicacy of taste, but they can hardly be regarded as of permanent value. Mr. Cheney entertains some rather mystical views about the relations of poetry and religion, which find expression—none too clearly—in the first paper of the series.

There is no questioning Mr. Ellwanger's love of nature and the nicety of his observation. He is also an appreciative reader, a graceful writer, and not a bad critic of men and books. All these qualities come out in his 'Idyllists of the Country Side,' a pretty little volume, with no mission (thank Fortune!) but to please and refresh. The six papers of which it consists concern Walton, White of Selborne, Hardy, Jefferies, Thoreau, and Mr. Burroughs—very various people, certainly, associated only by virtue of their common trait of love for the country. The best papers are, perhaps, those on Walton and Gilbert White, but all are agreeable, and there is no nonsense about any of them. It is absurd to *discuss* a book like this. The thing to do is to read it, or parts of it, as the fancy takes one, and be cheerful.

Most of Mr. Saintsbury's volume of 'Essays' is good, honest homespun, but there is one very purple or rather crimson patch, the paper on "English War Songs." At first one fears that the hue of this particular fragment comes from a baptism of blood, but we are inclined to think that the dye is made of less costly materials—perhaps even of one of those innocent, non-coagulating mixtures which flow freely upon the stage without giving the spectator any real cause for alarm. Be that as it may, the paper is no doubt very fierce and truculent, and "calculated" to do much damage in the ranks of those whose canons of criticism are Quaker guns. At the outset Mr. Saintsbury scowls fiercely at "the curious little sectarian heresy which calls itself the Modern Spirit," because he thinks it regards as "a barbarous and exploded crudity" the belief that "the two things best worth doing in this world are fighting and love-making." We are sorry that Mr. Saintsbury should go out of his way to bully "the Modern Spirit," for, whatever its faults, we cannot see that it has ever done him any harm. For ourselves, we had supposed that the curious little modern heresy was, in this particular, really a doctrine of older date, and not unconnected with a venerable and sacred institution for which Mr. Saintsbury has at all times a genuine respect. However, it is only fair to say that this part of Mr. Saintsbury's article shows some signs of being meant for humor—and we have never yet felt quite sure of Mr. Saintsbury when he is working his humorous vein. Still, we believe we are safe in saying that there is no humor in what follows. It is the passage which gives the test of good "war-poetry":

> "If, in the case of a certain number of persons of different ages, educations, ranks, and so forth, it induces a desire to walk up and down the room, to shout, to send their fists into somebody else's face, then it is good and there is no more to be said. That it does not cause these sensations in others is no more proof of its badness than it is a proof that a match is bad because it does not light when you rub it on cotton wool."

Such observations prompt the hope that Mr. Saintsbury locked his door, and put his pipes and bric-à-brac in the cupboard, and threw the poker out of the window, before he actually sat down to the composition of an essay which forced him to recall so many pieces of good war-poetry.

The same author's 'History of Nineteenth-Century [English] Literature' has, as was to be expected, a good deal of merit and some grave faults. To cover English literature from 1780 to 1895 in less than 500 pages is not easy, unless one is content with either superficiality or dry bones. Mr. Saintsbury is not content with either. He is very widely read in modern literature, and, though not always quite accurate, can certainly measure knowledge with any of his critics. He also likes to be sprightly, and he usually succeeds in being interesting. In the present case he was, of course, obliged to omit much that he would have liked to insert, and to condense resolutely. That he has done this without spoiling his book is much to his credit; but one cannot help wishing that he had taken more pains with structure and proportion. There is a hurry and bustle about the narrative and the criticism alike which is rather wearying than

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exhilarating. We are more than once told that the writer cannot stop for this or that, and we get the impression of being continually requested to move on. The plan of the book, with its alternating short biography and brief criticism, helps to produce a feeling of worry and distraction. To Mr. Saintsbury's prejudices we need only advert: they are here, and their name is legion, but they are so frankly self-confessing that they can do little harm except to the very feeble. It is a pity, however, that they carried him so fast and so far when he was "writing up" Byron that he forgot to mention "The Vision of Judgment."

We had thought to add a word on Mr. Saintsbury's style, but the subject is too hackneyed. Such phraseological gems as "a singular though scanty vein of original lyric snatch," and "but he is a failure of a considerable poet, and some fragments of success chequer him," may be had for the asking.

FIELD-MARSHAL BOYEN

Das Leben des Generalfeldmarschalls Hermann von Boyen. Von Friedrich Meinecke. Vol. I. 1771–1814. Stuttgart: Cotta. 1896.

It is the boast of the German army that no one regiment is better or worse than the other, but that all are educated to a high average of military knowledge; and as in the army, so in official life, the Germans, and particularly the Prussians, point with pride to a long succession of excellent administrators in every department of the Government. Most of these excellent men live and die unknown to the outer world, for they are trained to regard themselves merely as a small part of a huge machine. Occasionally, however, great events call the attention of historical students to particular parts of this state machinery, and then only are we apt to discover the existence of such men as Boyen. The great war minister Von Roon might never have been heard of but for the war of 1870. We might never have heard of Boyen but for the happy circumstance of his having left behind him an autobiography of the most precious kind, recently edited by Prof. Nippold of Jena. The present Life purports not merely to contain all that Nippold gives, but to constitute a history of Boyen and his times. It is an ambitious project, which the author modestly recognizes in his preface by explaining that he was urged to this work by Von Sybel.

The importance of Boyen lies in the fact that he was an honest and patriotic Prussian soldier, who, after the battle of Jena, devoted his whole energy to the reform of the army, and courageously urged his views upon the very weak King, Frederick William III., knowing all the while that he was making himself unpopular with that monarch and running the risk of military disgrace. He was a loyal friend and supporter of Scharnhorst, and when that great man died in 1813, Boyen persevered in the reforms already instituted, and, until his own death in the early part of this century, never flagged in his zeal for a popular army. The King of Prussia, on the contrary, desired to be surrounded by professional soldiers only. He looked with great distrust upon a people in arms, for he feared lest popular dissatisfaction might express itself too forcibly. He regarded military officers as the only citizens capable of understanding the meaning of "honor," and was strongly prejudiced against permitting other than nobles to enter the army. It is doubtful whether he would ever have made war with Napoleon in 1813, had not his people risen in rebellion, not only against the French, but against their king as well.

Boyen was born in 1771 in Prussia. His father was a page at court. The childhood of young Hermann was a happy one so far as worldly surroundings are concerned; in this respect contrasting strongly with the poverty which was the lot of his great colleagues, Gneisenau, Blücher, and Scharnhorst, who all grew up as ragged, barefoot farmer lads. We are told that he had a tutor at the early age of four, that he wrote a novel when he was only nine, and that he entered the army as gentleman corporal at the age of thirteen. These facts are of no great importance, so far as Boyen is concerned, but illustrate the character of the times he lived in. The rulers of Prussia, to this day, become officers in the army when they are ten years of age. It is a relic of the days when fathers nominated their sons to favorite regiments, as they now sometimes place their children's names as candidates in a club, a public school, or similar institutions where time counts in favor of the candidate.

The youngster who entered the Prussian army in those days was subjected to a training designed to make of him a man indifferent to personal comfort. Frederick the Great was on the throne, and the officers' life, in his day, was not one of pleasure. Boyen tells us that he was made to sleep in the same room with two private soldiers, and that he received as military godfather a sergeant who gave him what was then regarded as the training of an officer. There was no book-learning worth mentioning, in that army, and no such thing dreamed of as the present general staff. The soldiers of Frederick looked upon a book-worm as one who could not possibly do good field work, and we must admit that they were partially justified by the results of the Seven Years' War. Mr. Meinecke, on page 19, traces the strength of Frederick the Great's army largely to its moral and religious character, but he does not bring evidence to the support of this statement. He does not dwell upon the fact that about half of Frederick's soldiers were mercenaries, who were kept from deserting by the most rigid discipline only, and that he recruited his men without particular reference to their origin. We are more inclined to the opinion that Frederick the Great accomplished what he did with his mercenaries because men are attracted to a successful general; and in Frederick they found a leader who kept them well fed, well clothed, and well supplied with booty.

At the age of sixteen, when with us a lad enters West Point, Boyen had completed his military apprenticeship, and was admitted to his regiment as an officer (1787). Boyen chafed under the purely routine character of a soldier's life in a small town of East Prussia, and hailed with delight an opportunity which presented itself of seeking professional instruction at the university town of Königsberg. Here, three years before, had been established a rough sort of military school, principally for the instruction of artillery and engineers, who were regarded in those days as mechanics, rather than soldiers, somewhat as on board men-of-war those officers were regarded who had exclusive dealing with the steam-engines. Seven of these military schools had been established in Prussia after the Seven Years' War, but there was no systematic plan of education in the modern sense of that term.

Germany's great philosopher, Kant, was then at the height of his popularity, delivering lectures at the University; his 'Kritik der reinen Vernunft' had appeared in 1781, and in 1788, the year when young Boyen first listened to his teachings, there had issued from the press his 'Kritik der practischen Vernunft.' Kant was the great thinker of Königsberg, and Boyen listened attentively to his lectures, and tried to understand them, but it is doubtful whether he got a great deal of benefit from this study, much as his biographer might wish to have us think so. There was, however, a political economist also at the University, whose name did not become so famous as that of Kant, but who exercised upon young Boyen an influence of the greatest importance. His name was Kraus, and Boyen recalled with pleasure conversations with this man on the subject of national wealth and economics generally. He at least made a complete convert of Boyen; explained to him the machinery of taxation, the relations of export to import; taught him the truths which Adam Smith had first published to the world in his 'Wealth of Nations' (1776); showed him the mischief which was being done all over Europe by systems of so-called protection which impoverished the state and led to useless wars. This was strange teaching for a soldier to enjoy, but, stranger still, it was the only teaching that proved of any real value to Boyen during the dark years of Prussia, when military questions resolved themselves principally into the economic one of how money was to be raised out of a bankrupt community.

The very weakness of Prussia between 1806 and 1815 forced a monarch trained to absolutism to confess at last that he was helpless and in danger of being driven from his throne. Only in this extremity did he permit himself to call upon his people for assistance, and to this we owe the fact that this weakest of monarchs secured the assistance of a galaxy of great men, such as Stein, Hardenberg, Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, and Boyen. To-day a War Minister represents chiefly the spending of money. In his time Boyen, the soldier, had the education of a finance minister, and was able not merely to plan a war budget, but at the same time to justify it on economic grounds.

In 1794 he was far in advance of his time in opposing the partition of Poland, a step not only dishonest at the hands of Prussia, but which has done her great injury down to our time. Boyen urged that Poland be held intact as an independent Power, foreseeing that the trade relations between that country and his own might be of great value, whereas if Russia absorbed a large part, it would be an economic loss to Europe. During the campaign of 1794 Boyen became confirmed in favor of light skirmishing troops as a part of every body of infantry, for he had there noticed that many of the Polish successes had been owing to loose-formation fighting. Kosciuszko, the great Polish leader, could have taught the Prussians many valuable military lessons gained by his experience in the American war, but the Prussian army of 1794 was not disposed to learn anything new from Poland, from America, or, least of all, from France. Only Jena made way for the new teaching.

Boyen in our day would have been a member of the Cobden Club and have devoted himself largely to advancing popular reforms. In his own he was regarded as a radical, if not a dangerous revolutionary character, tolerated by the King only because he was an exceedingly useful public servant. In creating the great army which fought against Napoleon, Boyen insisted, and successfully car-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ried his point, that there should be no distinction of rank or birth recognized among those who sought to serve their country. He was thoroughly opposed to the pretension that nobles alone could fill important military offices; in fact, he made the army a democratic institution, in which every man of every degree had to serve, and in which were no distinctions except those required for purposes of military discipline.

It would have been of great service to the student had Mr. Meinecke provided an index to this first volume of his, to say nothing of a map; but for such luxuries as these we must wait until such time as German scholars realize that labor is not in itself a great object, and that books are none the better for being difficult to read.

TWO WHITMAN BOOKS.

Walt Whitman the Man. By Thomas Donaldson. New York: Francis P. Harper. 1896.

Whitman: A Study. By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1896.

Mr. Donaldson's book is a novelty in Whitman literature. We have had before books at once for him and against him, but none drawing the line between the more and the less admirable where Mr. Donaldson draws it. He reminds us of the good woman who thought little of Shakspere's writings, but admired the man. This is, if not precisely, very nearly Mr. Donaldson's attitude towards Mr. Whitman, as he invariably calls him, in refreshing contrast with the "undressed familiar style" his friends sometimes affect. His opportunities for knowing Whitman well were excellent—from 1862 to 1873 in Washington, and from 1873 until the latter's death in 1892 in Camden, N. J. His book deals almost exclusively with the Camden period. It will not be received with enthusiasm nor even gratefully by members of the Whitman cult, and yet no book or article written heretofore has given such an agreeable idea of the man. It was the man that attracted Mr. Donaldson. About the poet he was not so sure. "He did some things unusual, some things great, many things mediocre." But then Mr. Donaldson has known few men who are always great. "Col. Robert G. Ingersoll is one who never lets down, and always sits erect on his one distinct and concededly great saddle." Mr. Donaldson would not himself call Whitman's works poems, but "A Collection of Thoughts." The value of them lies in their democracy. Whitman groped at times for "something back," some knowledge of the universal mystery. "But, like all other human characters, he never found it, and has never expressed it." In general, Mr. Donaldson is convinced that as a poet and a writer Whitman has been taken much too seriously.

About the man he has much to say that is trivial; much, too, that is interesting and significant. Whitman was very poor for some years after he went to Camden, but was rendered as comfortable as he cared to be after his wants were made known. Mr. Donaldson lets all the left hands know what the right hands did, and the particulars are very creditable to human nature and to himself; for though he does not vaunt his prominence among Mr. Whitman's benefactors, neither does he conceal it. It may seem an exception to the statement that Whitman never asked for help, that he asked people to buy his "Author's Edition" for ten dollars, a most exorbitant price. Whitman's physical habits are given with the particularity of his own catalogues of the human anatomy and physiology. He was very cleanly, but equally untidy. There are facsimiles of his manuscripts in evidence. These he would roll up, tie with a string, and throw into the woodpile in the corner of his room. He did not use tobacco, and used wines and liquors with great moderation. "He used his knife as a divider and his fork to eat food with. He was not a sword swallower." Mr. Donaldson found him very simple, and unconscious of himself as a great man or beyond the common. "When he was eating off a dry-goods box for a table and drinking milk warmed over a coal-oil stove, and a few crackers with it, he would ask you to dine with the dignity of a prince, and never apologized for or mentioned the food." His house in Camden "was a coop at best," dear for the money that it cost, but selected because it had a tree in front of it and some lilacs in the back-yard. Then, too, it was near the ferries. It was in the business part of the unsightly town, but he thought it "a restful place," saying, with exceptional humor, that, "when he wanted almost entire seclusion and absolute rest, he spent the day in Philadelphia." A guano factory near by made the atmosphere intolerable for his visitors. "Did you ever smell anything like it?" said one of them. "And the old fiend sat there and chatted as though the balm of a thousand flowers encircled him."

As for his conversation, Mr. Donaldson admits and shows by example that it was meagre, slow, and very commonplace. Of course those who are members of the cult will say that he was talking with Mr. Donaldson and husbanding his pearls. "There were two Whitmans," says his friend, and it was unlikely, the cult will say, that Mr. Donaldson would find the deeper one, as did Messrs. Burroughs and Gilder and Stedman. One aid to conversation Mr. Whitman lacked to an extraordinary degree: "He read less of books than any man of literary pursuits I ever knew or heard of." Here was the negative basis for a towering egotism. Indeed, the enormous claims made for his originality often suggest more pointedly the narrowness of his critics' reading than anything else. But Mr. Donaldson protests again and again that Mr. Whitman as he saw him was not an egotist, except possibly in the last years of his life, when physically and mentally he was breaking down, and he resents Mr. Traubel's account of a dinner given him in 1891 as making his egotism appear much greater than it was.

On the side which Mr. Donaldson knew least about, Mr. Whitman was a silent, meditative man, who liked to be alone. To his nurse, who was with him a long time and was an excellent fellow, he had little to say. Women had slight attraction for him and children a good deal. There is one grindstone that Mr. Donaldson sees through with a perspicacity which has been denied to Whitman's admirers generally, viz., that if he was a poet *of* the people, he was not a poet *for* the people. "If Mr. Whitman has any popularity among the masses as a poet or writer, his book-sales fail to show it." "If his literary work is to live otherwise than as a book for thinkers and expounders, or as a curiosity, the present public opinion of him must essentially change. . . . The masses do not read him." His political convictions were at first Republican and afterward Democratic. "He looked upon the Northern abolitionists as generally fire-brands and inciters to insurrection, and full brothers in this to the Southern fire-eaters." The accounts of his hospital work are meagre and offer nothing new. After he came to Camden, his life, whatever it had been, was altogether clean and sweet. As to his earlier life Mr. Donaldson quotes his confession to John Addington Symonds that it had been "jolly bodily," with "episodes of passion and permanent attachment"; the second of these phrases being, of course, a paraphrase of Whitman's bill of particulars.

Mr. Burroughs's book is a very different one from Mr. Donaldson's. It has literary value, of which Mr. Donaldson's is innocent. But it has less of this than when he writes of birds and other natural things. Writing of birds, his style is sympathetically musical; writing of Whitman, it is often Whitmanese, and the effect is very droll. His book is the most elaborate study of Whitman's poetry that has yet been made. It is much fuller than Mr. Symonds's, and much more satisfactory than that upon the whole, but it deals less courageously with certain parts. It slurs the "Calamus" section of 'Leaves of Grass,' which troubled Mr. Symonds a good deal. He wrote that he could not have resisted the baseness of its implication if Mr. Whitman had not written him that his man-friendship rhapsodies were quite innocent.

Mr. Burroughs's estimate of Whitman is as exalted as any that has preceded it. He thinks it "highly probable that future scholars and critics will find his work fully as significant and era-marking as that of any of the few supreme names of the past." But he does not do much to justify himself in such a liberal estimation. His treatment is too vague, and the examples which he gives of Whitman's poetry are often damaging and discouraging. These and the extracts from his letters confirm the adverse judgment of Symonds on his taste. To say that it was execrable would not be too severe. The "Biographical and Personal" section gives a strong impression of Whitman's filial devotion to his mother, with an aggregation of hospital horrors in his letters to her into which Zola, when writing 'Lourdes,' might have dipped his pen for a more ghastly hue. The picture of his hospital work is very engaging, but omits the fact that his kisses and caresses were too soft for some of the soldiers of the manlier sort and were repelled. "With all his rank masculinity, there was a curious feminine undertone in him which revealed itself in the quality of his voice, the delicate texture of his skin, the gentleness of his touch and ways, the attraction he had for children and the common people." This hints at something true to which some persons would give a different interpretation.

In order to exalt Whitman, Mr. Burroughs finds it necessary to depreciate all other poets, but he can blame Whitman, too—a little—if only for the sake of giving to his page a more judicial air. In the matter of the Emerson letter he thinks Whitman was guilty of very bad taste. He concedes the egotism of the man more frankly than does Mr. Donaldson, and in some particulars unduly:

> "He enjoyed hearing himself lauded as Colonel Ingersoll lauded him in his lecture in Philadelphia, and as his friends lauded him at his birthday dinner parties during the last two or three years of his life; he loved to see his name in print, and items about himself in the newspapers; he sometimes wrote them himself and gave them to the reporters."

But in general the rejoinder on this head is the very stale one that Whitman identifies himself with the American population and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with universal man. There are many facts which do not fit into this theory. The charge that Whitman was a *poseur* is parried skilfully, but here also the concessions justify the charge.

There is much excellent criticism in Mr. Burroughs's book; it has many excellent rejoinders to criticisms that have been made upon Whitman's poetry; but it would be vastly more effective if it oftener gave us chapter and verse to prove the lofty claims he makes for his distinguished friend.

The Life of Roger Sherman. By Lewis Henry Boutell. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

THIS book, of 350 pages, is a timely and valuable contribution to the biographical literature of the country, not only for the record it gives of a distinguished statesman of the eighteenth century, but for the contrasts it offers to some of the features of the present time. The three most conspicuous figures in the history of Connecticut during that century were Jonathan Edwards, Roger Sherman, and Oliver Ellsworth. Edwards was born in 1703 and died in 1758. Sherman was born in 1721 and died in 1793. Ellsworth, the youngest of the three, was born in 1745 and died in 1807. Edwards's life covered fifty-two years, Sherman's seventy-two, and Ellsworth's sixty-two. Edwards undoubtedly had the most powerful and piercing intellect of the three. His great mental force was expended (not to say wasted) in constructing and expounding theological and metaphysical theories. Ellsworth was conspicuous as a statesman and diplomatist, but his dominant title to fame is to be found in his masterly juristical work in organizing the judicial powers of the Federal Government. He worked in a new field, with new materials, and the results of more than a century of the severest tests have demonstrated his claim to a high place among the most distinguished statesmen of the last century. Roger Sherman, of whose life and labors Mr. Boutell has given us a plain, clear, but not very animated sketch, was one of the most solid and clear-headed public men New England ever produced and honored. Though he was born in Massachusetts, his active life was spent in Connecticut and in the service of that State and the nation.

His education was exceedingly limited, partly gleaned from the "common schools" (and very *common* they were), and partly by his own efforts, unaided by others, so far as we can gather from this biography. He was a shoemaker and farmer, and worked with his hands till he was past twenty-two. Though he studied, or (as it was termed in those days) "*read* law," it does not appear that he ever practised much at the bar; but he successively, and often simultaneously, held and efficiently performed the duties of nearly every office of his town, county, city, and State, except those of Governor and Lieutenant-Governor. In addition to all these various occupations, he was also a merchant. His crowning title to eminence, however, is to be found in his services in promoting national independence and laying the foundations of the Federal Government. His labors in these fields were so conspicuous and successful that they are known to every tyro in our national history.

He had what has been termed the "genius of common sense." Though nearly destitute of book culture, as well as of what is called the "literary instinct," he had, what is vastly more valuable, a clear head and a quiet temperament, invigorated by an indomitable will. His sagacity in public affairs has rarely been surpassed. His moral nature seems to have been without a blemish, and to have operated as the guide and support of his public labors as well as his private life. Though religious in the best and mildest Puritan sense, he appears to have been absolutely free from cant and that fussy enthusiasm which blazes out suddenly and expires as suddenly. Considering his want of book knowledge and literary training, his speeches and writings exhibit a singularly clear, cogent style, and a comprehensive grasp of the questions—often great and complicated—which he discussed and expounded. He was not, to use an expression of Napoleon's, a "manufacturer of phrases," but he wrought in great public affairs with the same unerring skill and efficiency which he applied to the making of boots and shoes, raising corn and potatoes, and conducting his mercantile enterprises. In all the stages of his active and laborious life his integrity was absolute, and, as Marshall says of Washington, "was not only untainted but unsuspected." His word imported absolute verity, and it can be said of him, in the language of Lord Bacon, that his "mind turned on the poles of truth." He was as wise as he was straightforward, and his whole life justified the unique praise of one of his most distinguished contemporaries, that "Sherman never said a foolish thing in his life."

It is a circumstance as honorable to his fame as it is rare in human annals, that several of his descendants have proved worthy of their ancestor. Roger Sherman Baldwin, Governor and Senator in Congress and one of the ablest lawyers in Connecticut; William M. Evarts, Secretary of State, Attorney-General of the United States, and Senator; Rockwood Hoar, Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts and Attorney-General of the United States; and the present United States Senator Hoar—all grandsons of Roger Sherman—have reflected light on the character of their ancestor. But reading this unpretending volume forces on us a painful contrast between Sherman and the other great leaders of his day and those who seem to direct our public affairs at the present time. An old chief justice of Connecticut, pious as well as learned, once said: "A Democrat is a stench in the nostrils of God." If he could arise from the grave and inspect the leaders of both political parties now, he would not fail to include in the scope of his caustic remark more than one party.

The effort of the author of this Life of Sherman to gather humorous anecdotes was not very successful; he had rather a barren field from which to glean. But he gives one very pretty story relating to Mr. Sherman's young daughter Mehetabel. When Gen. Washington was about to leave the house of her father on one occasion, the young miss opened the door for him. The General put his hand on her head and said, "You deserve a better office, my little lady!" "Yes, sir," she replied, with a courtesy, "to let you in."

The Monetary and Banking Problem. By Logan G. McPherson. D. Appleton & Co. 1896.

THIS book is the outgrowth of some articles published last summer in the *Popular Science Monthly* which received commendation from economists and bankers. While we can hardly expect anything very novel or original on so well worn a theme as this, there is always room for improved methods of presentation and for views from new standpoints; and in some respects Mr. McPherson's treatment of his subject is striking and suggestive. There is nothing more perplexing to the ordinary mind in the whole monetary problem than the manner in which the enormous mass of exchanges, all apparently for money, are effected by means of an extremely limited supply of that commodity. On this point Mr. McPherson is worth quoting. He says:

"This fact, that the total value called for by the paper representatives of value at any time in existence, although expressed in terms of the units of value originally designating coins, vastly exceeds the value of the metals as coined or held in bullion by the sources whence coins are issued, together with the fact that no man willingly and knowingly exchanges commodities for paper representatives of value without believing that he can obtain the worth called for by these representatives, leads to the perception that, after all, it is not the metals, however precious, but property of all kinds that is their basis, and that these paper representatives of value are superseding coins in designating and measuring the value of the commodities for which they are exchanged."

In other words, transactions by means of credit or the paper representatives of credit, although expressed in terms of money, are really dependent on the existence of property. Money is necessary only for small change; the use of drafts or checks might easily be extended far beyond its present limits. The inference is obvious that such a system as that of the Scotch banks is a natural development of commerce, and that legislation calculated to prevent or obstruct this development is unwise. According to American standards, the paper money of Great Britain is extremely limited in supply; were we to have so small a *per-caput* circulation, the outcries of the demagogues would rend the skies. But the prodigious business of Great Britain goes on without the least inconvenience from this cause. Theoretically, the currency may be called inelastic; practically, whatever elasticity is required is furnished by the increase or decrease of the number of checks and bills, together with the exchange of comparatively small quantities of bullion for banknotes.

Mr. McPherson contends earnestly that the value of commodities depends on the amount of human effort expended, under the law of supply and demand, in their production, and not on the amount of gold and silver that is in existence. It is unnecessary to consider what is involved in this theory, for it involves trains of reasoning far beyond the capacity of the class of readers for whom this book is intended. Much more practical is the author's account of the Canadian banking system, which he heartily commends. His book is written in a clear style, and with sufficient illustration to make it comprehensible to those unfamiliar with the subject; and as it is published in an attractive form, it will no doubt receive attention.

Talks about Autographs. By George Birkbeck Hill. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1896.

DR. GEORGE BIRKBECK HILL is known as the editor of Boswell's Johnson, of all similar editors the one who might best be called a Boswell's dignified Boswell. The qualities of mind that made him exalt Boswell's genius are agreeably revealed in his recent *Atlantic* articles, which now appear, with additions and illustrations, in a handsome volume. Dr.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hill owns a fairly good collection of autographs. With this modest stock in trade and his own redoubtable knowledge of biography, he has ventured upon a kind of composition as yet little essayed, though not strictly novel—the *causerie* which turns upon nothing except an autograph. The author is so enamoured of this species that he thinks editing a scholarly letter would be an invaluable college exercise in literature. Dr. Hill's papers were on the whole worth reprinting, though the literary results are slender compared with the amount of commonplace. *Obiter dicta* form the tissue of the book, many trivial, others the interesting small-talk of a competent literary journalist, well-memoried and well-languaged.

There is no need of denying the axiom and the plea of collectors that in autographs much good literature and history is quietly inurned. Mr. Hill's own collection affords a good many little corroborations of well-known facts: that, for example, in Matthew Arnold liberal and conservative tendencies were painfully mixed; that Newman was peculiarly sensitive to the opinion of the world; that Froude was by nature incapable of strict accuracy and blind to criticism; that Southey, like Coleridge, combined exquisite sense of rhythm with insensibility to music; that Brougham left the Commons unwillingly; that Mrs. Hemans was too poetical for the strong taste of our masculine ascendants; that Garrison hated war as deeply as he hated slavery; that Gordon's greatness of soul extended to the least of his acts.

There is little in the book to excite adverse criticism. Dr. Hill's remarks about De Quincey are perhaps unnecessarily one-sided, and are certainly as severe as the facts warrant. "The Opium Eater" had undoubtedly an imperfect sense of the ethics of guesthood; but, as Mr. James Hogg has recently shown, De Quincey was capable of a delicacy of feeling concerning human relations which commanded the love of even the old Carlyle, the very man who reported with satisfaction Southey's savage words branding De Quincey as a traitor to the Coleridge family. In passing we may further note a slight slip of the pen, by which, in transliterating Ruskin's letter (p. 21), Mr. Hill has written *own* for *old*.

Joseph Thomson, African Explorer: A Biography by Rev. J. B. Thomson. Maps and illustrations. London: S. Low, Marston & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1896. Pp. xv, 358, 8vo.

Joseph Thomson ranks next to Livingstone and Stanley among African travellers, not merely because of the magnitude and importance of his explorations, or of his extraordinary capacity as a leader, but also because of his singularly wise treatment of the natives. He started on his first expedition with the conviction "that it was not necessary, even in Central Africa, to sacrifice the lives of men in order to throw light upon its dark corners." At the end of his sixth, he was able to say that he had travelled thousands of miles amid savages, justly hostile to whites, "without shedding a drop of human blood." His career began at an unusually early period. At twenty-one he found himself, by the death of Keith Johnston, the leader of an expedition to explore the then almost unknown African lakes. Though without experience in the world or of men, other than his native Scotch village and two or three terms at the University of Edinburgh could give him, he accomplished all the work planned by the Royal Geographical Society. His crowning exploit was the crossing of Masailand to the Victoria Nyanza in 1883, for which he received the Founder's gold medal of the Society. Other expeditions were made up the Rovuma River on the east coast, and among the Atlas Mountains in Morocco, while diplomatic missions carried him to Sokoto and Gandu in the southwestern Sudan, and to the region west of Lake Nyasa in the interest of the Royal Niger Company and that of Mr. Rhodes. In addition he made numerous addresses to societies, and wrote, besides articles for leading monthlies, accounts of three of his journeys, a Life of Mungo Park, and, in collaboration, an African novel. This was certainly an extraordinary amount of work to be compressed into the narrow compass of eleven years. It was too much, for Mr. Thomson's strength was exhausted by the hardships he had undergone, and he died August 2, 1895, at the age of thirty-seven.

His brother has well told the story of this full life, and Mr. J. G. Bartholomew has contributed six admirable maps to the volume as a "tribute to the geographical work of his friend."

The Story of Architecture: An Outline of Styles in All Countries. By Charles Thompson Mathews, M.A., Fellow of the American Institute of Architects. D. Appleton & Co. 1896.

Of making many architectural books there seems nowadays to be no end. Half-a-dozen small general treatises on the long neglected subject have lately been published in the United States, three or four of them in 1896. The latest—we could afford to have it the last—Mr. Mathews's 'Story of Architecture,' takes in the whole field more broadly than most, essaying to treat the history consecutively, as its title claims, though the architecture of Cathay and America has not much to do with the story. This is done in a newspaper style, animated but rather slipshod, that may suit popular reading, but hardly justifies the existence of the book. There is an American readiness of apprehension and haste of execution in it, a sufficient knowledge of the main facts, a not very discriminating appetite for generalization, a narrow use of authorities, a loose chronology, and a good deal of inaccuracy in detail. The idea of the story is pretty well kept in the simpler parts of the history; but in the more complicated and critical parts, the accounts of the Romanesque and the Renaissance, the treatment is rather helpless. Here is an example of Mr. Mathews's success in generalizing: "These and other peculiarities [curvature of horizontal lines and inclination of verticals], by no means confined to the Parthenon, soon brought the Doric style great popularity throughout Italy, Sicily, Peloponnesus, and the Islands of the Ægean," etc. The hospitality of his selection is suggested by the fact that, of two and a half printed pages given to Greek Corinthian architecture, a page is used in developing the fable of Callicrates and his basket. These things may be efficacious in holding the attention of the persons who will read the book, but they do not help the story of architecture.

Impressions d'Egypte. Par Louis Malosse. Paris: A. Colin & Cie. 1896. 8vo, pp. 357.

The first part of this volume is a charmingly written description of the scenes which meet the eye of the tourist in Cairo and during a trip on the Nile. It abounds in felicitous expressions and pretty word-pictures, in which sky, river, desert, ruins, and the fellahin are harmoniously blended. Guide-book learning is conspicuously absent from it, nor is it the continuous narrative of a traveller. It is simply the recorded impressions of one who has been able to surrender himself completely to the subtle influences of the land, and whose perfect enjoyment is marred only by the swarms of vulgar tourists, pertinacious donkey-boys and backshish-seekers—upon whose persecutions he descants with humorous indignation—and the English soldier.

M. Malosse can never forget that it is England, and not France, which is the guardian of Egypt. In the second part of his book he enumerates at length the many evidences of the beneficent influence of his country upon the land in the supremacy of its language, in the constitution of the Government, in the results of the labors of French engineers and archæologists, in the numerous schools and colleges supported in part by French subsidies; above all, in the universal affection which she has inspired. At equal length he dwells upon the ill success of England, in her fourteen years of "tutelage," in winning even the confidence of the people. He in fact gives her full credit for but one thing, the increased efficiency of the army. Of the reforms of the courts, of the addition to the country's wealth through scientific irrigation, of the reduction of the burdens of the peasantry, with the exception of the abolition of the corvée, his readers are left in ignorance. M. Malosse is here simply the mouthpiece of the discontented pasha, and his book is a strong argument for the continuance of the English occupation. He says, for instance, "that if, for any reason, England should be led to evacuate the delta and the valley of the Nile to day, there would not remain, at the end of a period relatively very short, the slightest trace of her rule" (p. 287). That is, "on the departure of the last British soldier from Alexandria," the kurbash and the corvée would speedily be restored, the old courts where justice was sold reëstablished, the slave-trade revived, the new irrigation works abandoned, the annual surplus changed to an annual deficit, taxation increased by a third, the army rendered impotent, the fellah again made the prey of the pasha, and there would recommence the scandalous régime of another Ismail.

Outlines of Economic Theory. By Herbert Joseph Davenport. Macmillan. 1896.

It can hardly be claimed that the world stands now in pressing need of more economic text-books; unless, indeed, they are much to excel those with which we are at present furnished. The supply of treatises on economic subjects has of late greatly increased, and it would be as well to allow us to digest what we already have before enlarging the stock. The book before us may fairly be described as a respectable achievement; the author is well read, his grasp of economic principles is strong, and he understands the questions of the day. But we apprehend that his work may be found superfluous. Its merit is not so distinguished as to secure it a place in the crowded competition, and the "general reader" will be likely to give the preference to some such book as that which Prof. Hadley has lately published.

Nevertheless, a book of this description may meet certain requirements. It is apparently the outcome of class-room work, and is fur-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nished with a copious list of questions, which are certainly calculated to stimulate reflection and research, if not to secure conclusive answers. If they may not bring out the truth, they will promote the search for truth, which, according to high authority, is even better. Another feature of interest is the quotation of passages of considerable length from leading economic writers at the end of each chapter. These passages are well selected, and constitute an agreeable reinforcement of the doctrines stated in the text.

The tone of the author is moderate and his attitude conservative. He is not attached blindly to the "orthodox" school, nor is he carried away by the learning of Germany. He is aware of the danger of present socialistic tendencies, but he does not ignore the existence of the evils that encourage socialism. Altogether, we are disposed to regard his book as wholesome in its influence, and while we cannot insist on its recognition, we shall at all events not begrudge its making a place for itself.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, C. D. Ex Libris: Essays of a Collector. Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $3.
A Peculiar Irishman. New York: *Truth-Seeker* Co. $1.
A Professional Lover. By "Gyp." F. T. Neely.
Armatage, George. The Dog: Its Varieties and Management in Health. F. Warne & Co. $1.
Armstrong, William. An American Nobleman. Rand, McNally & Co.
Bates, Katharine L. As You Like It. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. 35c.
Bender's Lawyer's Diary and Directory for the State of New York. 1897 Albany: Matthew Bender.
Benner's Prophecies. 1897. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke Co. $1.
Boisot, Louis. A Treatise on Mechanics' Liens. St Paul: West Publishing Co.
Booth, Charles. Life and Labor of the People in London. Vol. VIII. Population Classified by Trades (Continued). Macmillan.
Bowen, Prof. B. L. First Italian Readings. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Brandt, Prof. H. C. G., and Day, Prof. W. C. German Scientific Reading. Henry Holt & Co. 85c.
Brooke, S. A. English Literature. Macmillan. 90c.
Browne, Sir Thomas. Religio Medici, and Urn-Burial. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. 50c.
Burnham, Elcy. Modern Fairyland. Boston: *Arena* Publishing Co $1.50.
Burrows, Prof. Montagu. Collectanea. Third Series. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Carlyle, Thomas. An Essay on Robert Burns. American Book Co. 20c.
Castegnier, Georges. Handbook of Greek and Roman History. American Book Co. 50c.
Chapple, J. M. Boss Bart, Politician. F. T. Neely.
Clarke, Ednah P. An Opal. Verses. Lamson, Wolffe & Co.
Daudet, Alphonse. Sappho. Parisian Manners. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. $1.
Davidi, Henriette. Practical Cook-Book. Milwaukee: C. N. Caspar.
Eminent Persons: Biographies Reprinted from the *Times*. Vol. V. 1891-1892. Macmillan. $1.25.
Faunce, Rev. D. W. Inspiration Considered as a Trend. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.
Faust, Prof. A. B. Charles Sealsfield, der Dichter beider Hemisphären: Sein Leben und seine Werke. Weimar: Emil Felber; New York: G. E Stechert.
Fisher, S. G. Pennsylvania: Colony and Commonwealth. Philadelphia: H. T. Coates & Co.
Foote, Rev. H. W. Annals of King's Chapel. Vol. II. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Fortier, Prof. Alcée. Molière's Les Femmes Savantes. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 50c.
Gardner, Prof. Percy. Sculptured Tombs of Hellas. Macmillan. $8.
Goodwin, J. J. Sketches off the Griddle. New York: P. J. Meehan. 25c.
Gould, Dr. G. M., and Pyle, Dr. W. L. Anomalies and Curiosities of Medicine. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders. $6.
Gould, J. M. Kent's Commentaries. 4 vols. 14th ed. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Grandgeorge, L. Saint Augustin et le Néo-Platonisme. Paris: Ernest Leroux.
Grant, Charles. Stories of Naples and the Camorra. Macmillan. $1.75.
Guerber, H. A. The Story of the Romans. American Book Co. 60c.
Hamilton, M. McLeod of the Camerons. Appletons. $1.
Harriman, Prof. E. A. Elements of the Law of Contracts. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Higginson, Ella. The Flower that Grew in the Sand. Seattle: Calvert Co.; New York: F. Warne & Co. $1.25.
Howe, W. W. Studies in the Civil Law. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Irving, Washington. The Alhambra. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. Macmillan. $12.50.
Joynes, Prof. E. S. George Sand's La Mare au Diable. Henry Holt & Co.
King, Capt. Charles. Wildenbruch's Noble Blood, and a West Point Parallel. F. T. Neely.
Ladd, P. B. Commentaries on Hebrew and Christian Mythology. New York: *Truth-Seeker* Co. $1.50.
Lee, Sidney. Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. XLIX. Robinson-Russell. Macmillan. $3.75.
Lester, L. V. A Memoir of Hugo Daniel Harper. Longmans, Green & Co.
Life and Letters of William Barton Rogers. Edited by his Wife. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $4.
Maspero, Prof. G. The Struggle of the Nations: Egypt, Syria and Assyria. Appletons. $7.50.
Maude, Capt. F. N. Cavalry vs. Infantry, and Other Essays. Kansas City: Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Co.
Merwin, H. C. Jurisdiction, Practice and Peculiar Jurisprudence of the Courts of the United States. 2d ed., revised and enlarged. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Middleton, George, and Mills, T. R. The Student's Companion to Latin Authors. Macmillan. $1.50.
M'Kechnie, W. S. The State and the Individual. Glasgow: Mac Lehose & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $3.
Mortimer, Rev. A. G. Catholic Faith and Practice. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.
Müntz, Eugène. Les Tapisseries de Raphaël au Vat'can et dans les Principaux Musées ou Collections de l'Europe. Paris: J. Rothschild.
Murray, J. A. H. A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Vol. III. Disobst-Distrustful. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. 60c.
Root's Military Topography and Sketching. 2d ed. Kansas City: Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Co.
Russan, Ashmore, and Boyle, Frederick. The Orchid Seekers: A Story of Adventure in Borneo. F. Warne & Co. $1.75.
Russell, Abby O. An English Paraphrase of Horace's Art of Poetry. W. R. Jenkins. 60c.
Russell, Bertrand. German Social Democracy. Six Lectures. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.
Sargent, C. S. Silva of North America. Vol X. Liliaceæ-Coniferæ. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Stowe, Mrs. H. B. Oldtown Folks, and Sam Lawson. 2 vols. We and Our Neighbors. My Wife and I. Pocanuc People, and Pink and White Tyranny. Stories for the Young. Religious Studies, Poems, etc. [Riverside Edition] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 7 vols. Each $1 50.
The Chicago *Record* Cook-Book. Chicago: The *Record*.
Upton, Prof. Winslow. Star Atlas. Boston: Ginn & Co. $2.15
Warren, Professor F. M. Balzac's Le Curé de Tours, and Other Stories. Henry Holt & Co. 75c.
Willard, Mabel C. Lowell's Vision of Sir Launfal. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. 35c.
Williams, F. B. On Many Seas: The Life and Exploits of a Yankee Sailor. Macmillan.
Wilson, H. S. History and Criticism: Studies. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Wilson, Prof. Woodrow. George Washington. Harpers. $3.
Woodward, B. J. Racine's Iphigénie. American Book Co 60c.
Wright, Prof. Joseph. The English Dialect Dictionary. Part II. Ballow-Blare. London: Frowde; New York: Putnams.
Wright, Rev. John. Early Prayer Books of America. St Paul, Minn.: The Author.
Wundt, Prof. Wilhelm. Outlines of Psychology. Leipzig: Engelmann; New York: G. E. Stechert. $1.75.
Young, E. R. Three Boys in the Wild North-land. Eaton & Mains. $1.25.

A REMARKABLE TRIBUTE TO A REMARKABLE BOOK.

Professor PAULSEN, in the course of an extended review in the *Deutsche Litteraturzeitung*, says:

"*If the real function of a History of Literature is to attract the reader to the literature itself, this work,* **'FRANCKE'S SOCIAL FORCES IN GERMAN LITERATURE,'** *will take a high rank among books of its kind. I must confess that I have not read any other History of Literature which so strongly inclined me to take up the authors myself. It is neither a dry summary nor a wearisome attempt to include every possible fact, nor does it abound in affected literary criticisms, or historical reflections about matters of course, but it puts the reader in the centre of the vital movements of the time. One often feels as though the authors treated of addressed themselves personally to him; the discourse coming not through bygone dead books, but rather through living men who seem to call out to him: I have something to say to you; I have a mission for my time and my people, and therefore one for you.*

"*The literary characterizations are not merely shadowy outlines of types or tendencies, but set men and their works in their concrete peculiarities clearly before our eyes, and in an extraordinarily lifelike way. The author has a great faculty for selecting characteristic extracts from the writers he treats of—a poem, a word, an opinion—to give his picture life and motion. The selections of poetical specimens seem to me especially happy; one feels that the verses are just the ones the author would have written under his own picture. Happy contemporary opinions are also thrown in to illuminate the author's position and his surroundings.*

"*Francke shows astounding readiness and breadth of sympathy in finding just the right point of view and just the right word for characterizing the most diverse personalities.*"

8vo. $2, net.

HENRY HOLT & CO., Publishers, New York.

Forty-one Years in India.

From Subaltern to Commander-in-Chief

By Field-Marshal LORD ROBERTS of Kandahar, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.

With Portraits of Lord Clyde, Sir William Mansfield, Sir James Outram, Gen. John Nicholson, Sir Abraham Roberts, Sir Samuel Browne, V.C., Lord Napier of Magdala, Lord Roberts, Sir Donald Stewart, Sir Henry Lawrence, the Amir of Afghanistan, Sir Arthur Hardinge, several of which are engraved on steel; Plates in Photogravure and engraved on Wood, Plans, and other Illustrations.

In Two Volumes, Demy 8vo, Cloth, pp. xx+511, xii+522, $12.00.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.,
PUBLISHERS,
91 and 93 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Yale Mixture.

A GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE.

You won't know the luxury of Pipe-Smoking until you use Yale Mixture.

A two-oz. trial package, postpaid, for 25 cts.

MARBURG BROS.,
The American Tobacco Co., Successor,
Baltimore, Md.

CATALOGUE OF CHOICE OLD BOOKS

Send for my latest printed catalogue of a fine collection of rare old Books on Costumes, Caricatures, Ornaments, Heraldry, Genealogy, Local History, Ornithology, Criminal Trials, War of 1812, and the Revolution, etc., etc. These catalogues are issued regularly as fast as new purchases are received, and will be sent free to any applicant. Address

J. W. CADBY,
131 Eagle St., Albany, N. Y.

SEND IN YOUR NAME AT ONCE to the Readers' Co-operative League, Box 223, Brooklyn, N. Y., if you wish to receive Free Specimen Copies of all the leading periodicals of the United States. Also send the names of your friends *who are readers*. Enclose stamp for reply.

The Principles of International Law

By THOMAS J. LAURENCE, Associate of the Institute of International Law; Lecturer in Maritime Law at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich; lately Professor in the University of Chicago, U. S. A.; sometime Deputy Professor of International Law in the University of Cambridge, England. Buckram cloth, octavo, 666 pages, $3.00 net.

A timely and authoritative book; embodies the latest results of discussion and research; presents the subject in fresh and readable form; illustrative cases are taken chiefly from British and American history.

The Table of Contents forms an analysis of the subject-matter. There is an Index of Cases and a General Index.

D. C. HEATH & CO., Boston, New York, Chicago.

CREST VIEW SANITARIUM,

Greenwich, Conn. An ideal home for health and recreation seekers. Beautiful scenery; very accessible; moderate rates. H. M. HITCHCOCK, M.D.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED